Fatal Jealousie.

A

TRAGEDY.

Acted at the Duke's Theatre.

Written by Nevil Payne.

Licensed *Novemb.* 22. 1672.
Roger L'Estrange.

LONDON,
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The Actors Names.

Don Antonio.	*A Jealous Lord.*	*Mr.* Smith.
Don Gerardo.	*Friend to* Antonio.	*Mr.* Medburn.
Don Franciſco.	A *Young Lord.*	*Mr.* Young.
Don Sebaſtian.	*Friend to* Franciſco.	*Mr.* Crosby.
Jaſper. A *Villain.*	*Servant to* Antonio.	*Mr.* Sandford.
Pedro.	*Servant to* Antonio.	*Mr.* Burford.
Servant	*To* Gerardo.	*Mr.* Norris.
Captain of the Watch.		*Mr.* Nath. Leigh.
Souldiers.		

Women.

Cælia.	*Wife to* Antonio.	*Mrs.* Shadwel.
Eugenia.	*Siſter to* Cælia.	*Mrs.* Betterton.
Flora.	*Waiting Woman to* Cælia.	*Mrs.* Osborn.
Nurſe	*To* Cælia.	*Mr.* Nokes.
Witch.	*Aunt to* Jaſper.	*Mrs.* Norris.
Spirits.		
Gipſies.		

Prologue

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PROLOGUE

By Mr. *Smith.*

TO you, great Sovereign Wits, that have ſuch ſway,
Without Controul to ſave, or damn a Play;
That with a piſh, my Anthony, or ſo,
Can the beſt Rally'd ſence at once or'e throw;
And by this pow'r, that none muſt queſtion now,
Have made the moſt Rebellious Writers bow,
Our Author, here his low Submiſſion brings,
Begging your paſs, calls you the Stages Kings;
He ſayes, nay, on a Play-Book, ſwears it too,
Your pox uppo'nt damn it, what's here to do?
Your nods, your winks, nay, your leaſt ſigns of Wit,
Are truer Reaſon than e're Poet writ,
And he obſerves do much more ſway the Pit.
For ſitting there h'has ſeen the leſſer gang
Of Callow Criticks down their heads to hang;
Lending long Ears to all that you ſhould ſay,
So underſtand, yet never hear the Play:
Then in the Tavern ſwear their time they've loſt,
And Curſe the Poet put e'm to that coſt.
And if one would their juſt Exceptions know,
They heard ſuch, ſuch, or ſuch a one ſay ſo;
And thus in time by your diſlikes they riſe,
To be thought Judges, though indeed but ſpyes.

This is not fair your Subjects to betray
To those that strive to Rival you in sways;
That will in time by your expence of wit,
Usurp or'e us, and your successors sit.
These and some other dangers to remove,
We beg that though this Play you disapprove,
Say nothing of it here, and when you're gone,
We give that leave you'le take to cry it down;
Thus you preserve your pow'r, and we shall be
From Fopps, and Demi-Criticks Censure free.

Subdu'd by force, we Tyrants thus obey,
But Ladys, you like lawful Monarches sway,
You Rule by Love, and Pardon faults with ease,
In Subjects that do all they can to please.
By faction they condemn, you by our Peers;
And he is guilty sure such Trial fears:
And though our Author pleads not guilty now.
And to his Tryal stands, he hopes that you,
Will not too strictly his accusers hear,
For if this Play can draw from you a Tear,
He'l slight the Wits, Half-Wits, and Criticks too;
And Judge his strength by his well pleasing you.

THE

THE Fatal Jealousie.

Act the First. Scene the First.

The Curtain drawn Discovers Don Antonio *and* Cælia *in Morning-Gowns. Chamber and Bed.*

Cæl. MY Lord, you well may blame my conduct of that bus'ness,
Since it produc'd such dismal Accidents,
As my heart trembles but to think upon;
Yet for *Don Lewis*'s Innocence and mine,
In the contrivance of that Fatal Meeting;
I must for ever, during Life, be Champion.
And, as he with his dying breath protested,
He ne're meant wrong to you; so am I ready
To dye a Martyr to my Innocence.

Anto. Come, come, these are but wyles to Palliate things,
Can you believe me stupid, or an Ass?
To think my Wife should meet a Man i'th' Night;
Nay, more; a Man that was my seeming Friend:
Yet taken in at Window privately!
Nay, which was most, stay with him two full hours,
And in a Room made proper by a Bed,
And yet not Cuckold me; the thing's too plain,
I do not doubt the deed, which Iv'e Reveng'd
In part, by killing him: No, I am mad,
That you should think so meanly still of me,
As to hope time may alter my belief;

Which is by such unerring Reasons fixt:
Or else that you suspect my Truth, when I have sworn
By all things sacred; nay, upon my Honour
(Which I am so Jealous of) that if you would
Relate the truth of your so close amours,
I from my memory would blot it all,
And look on you at worst, but as the Widdow
Of your dead Couzen *Lewis*.

Cæl. Good my Lord,
Forbear to use these killing Arguments,
Which every moment give me many Deaths,
Rather be like your self, that's Gen'rous,
And kill me once for all; torment me not
By giving no belief, either to Vows
Or Actions that have spoke my Innocence:
Reflect (my Lord) on the unwearied pains
Iv'e took to gain your pardon for his Death.
Think with what patience I've suffer'd still
Your often starts of Passion, which sometimes
Have ne're produc'd th' effects of Cruelty.
And without boast, my Lord, you well do know
My Friends were much too strong for yours at Court,
Then had I but made known your severe Carriage,
Or suffer'd your surprizal —— 'tis too plain;
Your Life had been a forfeit to the Law.
And were I but the wanton Wife you think me,
What wou'd more welcome be then that Revenge ---
Here on my knees I beg again, my Lord,
You would perswade your self, that what I told you
Was cause of that close meeting, was so truly,
And no invention; and as this Day
Began our Nuptial Joys, so let it end
Our Marriage Discords; then shall I have cause
To keep it Annually a Festival;
In thanks to Heav'n for two such mighty Blessings.

Anto. Cælia, stand up, I will perswade my self.
By this ——— I will as much as e're I can, [*Kisses her.*

That

That thou art Innocent, for if thou bee'ſt not,
What Woman in the World ought to be thought ſo?
But prethee be diſcreet, mannage thy Actions
With ſtricteſt Rules of Prudence, for if not,
Like to a Bow or'e-bent, I ſhall ſtart back,
And break with paſſion on thee: wilt thou be careful?

Cæl. Oh! I am paid for all my ſufferings,
This kindneſs does or'e-joy me, which, my Lord,
Let me for ever loſe when any Act
Of mine, ſhall juſtly make a forfeit of it.

Enter Flora.

Flor. My Lord, here's *Don Gerardo* come to ſee you.

Anto. Admit him in. [*Exit* Flora.

Cæl. I will retire, my Lord.

Anto. You need not, *Cælia.* [*Enter* Gerardo.

Welcome, *Gerardo*, this is like a Friend,
That name ſhould know no Ceremonious Laws,
Let them make formal Viſits that maintain,
As formal Friendſhips; ours is try'd and true.

Gerar. This, as I take it, was your Wedding-day,
At which (your pardon, Madam, for a truth.)
I was a Jealous waiter; your great worth
Made me to fear I then had loſt a Friend,
And in that room ſhould an acquaintance find.

Cæl. But now, my Lord, you ſee how you miſtook,
I was a Rival to his Miſtreſſes,
But to his Friends, one to increaſe their number.

Ger. I find the truth ſo great, I wiſh you may
Live long and happy to poſſeſs that place;
Yet I'le confeſs I did not loſe my fears,
Till my dear Friend was pleas'd to uſe my Sword,
As Second, in the Quarrel with your Kinſman,
The Unfortunate *Don Lewis*; and I proteſt
Such Joy I met to be employ'd by him,
That I ne're ſought to know what caus'd the quarrel.

Cæl. My Lord, I beg your pardon,
I have ſome little bus'neſs in my Cloſet

Which forces me retire.

Ger. Your Lady looks as if she were displeas'd.

Anto. That Kinsman whom I slew is never nam'd,
But if she hears it she avoids the place.

Ger. I'm troubled much to be th' occasion now.

Anto. No matter, Friend, she only knows the cause,
Why from such Friendship we grew Enemies,
And there is reason why she should be griev'd.

Ger. That sudden and so secret Quarrel
Did much amaze all *Naples*;
And I (as Actor in it) often have been prest
To tell the cause, which yet I never could.

Anto. No, Friend, nor never must:
The Gen'rous *Lewis*; so I'le call him now,
Since he so bravely dy'd, was alwayes just
During that little time he breath'd this Air;
After his mortal Wound, for he Related
A Story of it fitted us for pardon:
Yet never told that Secret, only known
On Earth, to him, to *Celia*, and my self.

Ger. I'me not inquisitive, nor never was,
There may be secrets fit for no Mans hearing.
And 'tis an Act of Friendship full as great.
To tell a Friend I hide a secret from him,
As to Relate it, since they both shew Candor ——.

Anto. Happy *Antonio*, in a Friend so just!

Ger. Happy *Gerardo*, rather, that can say
He's sure he has a Friend, that dares employ him;
For confidence in Friends makes Friendship sure.

Anto. And dearest Friend, I'le not doubt yours so much,
To think you would not use this Life of mine,
As 'twere your own in any thing concerns you.

Ger. Ne're doubt it, Friend, I soon shall find occasion
Boldly to use the power, and to speak truth;
My coming now was chiefly to that purpose;
Though I intended to spend this day too
In Recreation with you, and to see you Bedded,

Like a new Bride and Bride-groom,
Then wiſhing you long: long and laſting Joys,
Retire, and wiſh to Copy out your Life.

Anto. Has *Don Gerardo* Service for *Antonio*,
His own *Antonio*, and yet defers to name it?
Speak your Commands, that I as ſwift may flye
To put 'em into Action, as I did
At firſt to meet thoſe pleaſures Lovers long for.

Ger. My fears perſwade me I ſhall ſpeak too ſoon,
Yet dreſs your ſelf, and come into the Garden,
I with impatience there will wait to tell you.

Anto. Go then, you ſhall not long be ſilent. [*Exit.* Gerardo.
Who waits there? [*Enter* Pedro, *and Exit.*
Pedro, call my Wife ———
My Wife, ſaid I! *Gerardo*, didſt thou know
The ſecret fears contain'd within this Boſome,
Thou'dſt ſooner pitty me, than wiſh my Life:
How can I think her ſtory of the Jewels,
And other matters 'bout her Fathers Will,
Could have produc'd ſo ſcandalous a Meeting?
And yet ſhe ſtill avows it! Oh, Jealouſie!
Where will theſe panting fears ſtill hurry me?
I hourly ſeek to find what I wou'd give,
A thouſand Worlds my heart would ne're believe;
And yet for what do I thus vex my ſelf?
For that, which if 'twas gone, I cou'd not miſs;
No, would I could, for then I'de never fear,
But when I found her Honour gone aſtray,
I'd ſend her Life to fetch mine back again.

Enter Cælia.

Cæl. What's your Command, my Lord?

Anto. Prethee, my Dear, do not retire too much,
But ſhew a merry freedom to our Friends,
That they may think us happy, themſelves welcome.

Cæl. My Lord, I ſhall, and reaſon have to do it;
But I deſire you would diſpence my abſence,
Only a little time, I being preparing.

A general Confession I shall make to Morrow.

Anto. You'l be too long about it.

Cal. No, my Lord, I take the shortest way
In writing what my thoughts can re-collect.

Ant. You would not let me read it, when y'have done?

Cal. I do confess I should be loath, my Lord.
But yet from any Sin concerns your self,
I am as free as are the purer Angels,
Or may I find no profit by my Prayers.

Anto. I will believe thee; go, make haste and do it. [*Ex.* Cælia.
Yet, if't be possible, I'm resolv'd to see it;
'Twill Cure my fears, perhaps, or change their Natures,
And make 'em certainties the lesser evil cause sooner Cur'd:
For Jealousies with fear doth plague the mind,
But that is Cur'd when certainties we find. [*Ex.* Anto.

The Scene changes, Discovers Jasper, *as from Bed, Buttoning himself.*

Jasp. Oh, plague o'this Old Bitch, she has kept me
So awake with her Coughing all Night, that I
Have quite out-slept my self. [*Looks on's Watch.*
By Heav'n near Ten a Clock, and she not gone
Yet —— plague on her —— she'l be catch'd, and I shall
Be turn'd away —— why Nurse —— make haste, 'tis Ten a
Clock and past, you will be wanting.

Nurse within. That cannot be, alas, the times but short
That I've been with thee, my Dear.

Jasp. No, perhaps you think so;
But let me ever want money to drink,
If I have not thought the time longer
Then her Life has been, and that began beyond the mem'ry
Of ma. What drudgery am I forc'd to undergo to
Get a little money to support me —— that I may Live to
Watch all apted times for my Revenge on this whole
Family, who Rise upon the Ruines of our House.

This

This Nurse of Ninety never stayes with me but I'de as
live have been Rid by a Night-Mare.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. What's that, Night-Mare? Am I a Night-Mare?

Jasp. No, Nurse, I said, I was troubl'd with a Night-Mare,
And should be worse, were it not for thy Company.

Nurse. Nay, I am good Friend of thine every way.

Jasp. That's true; but Nurse make haste, for I am
Damnably afraid *Flora* suspects us e're since
She took me in your Chamber, and if she shou'd
Take you here, and tell my Lady, I should be turn'd
Away, for you know she loves me not e're since I
Gave my Lord notice of her meeting *Don Lewis*,
To give him the money and Jewels, her Father
Left privately in her hands for him when he dy'd.

Nurse. I Chuck, but why didst thou do so?

Jasp. In hopes to have got some of the money for my
Discovery, what made her tempt me with the
Trust of money, and give me none to keep Counsel.
But prethee Nurse be gone.

Nurse. I, give me but one buss, and I will.

[*Kisses him, and is going.*

Jasp. What a belch was there to perfume it? [*She comes back.*

Nurse. Sweet Rogue, I cannot go without the other kiss.

Jasp. Oh, Nurse! you will undo me; prethee no more.

Nurse. What, Rascal, slight my favours? you shall repent it.

Jasp. No, Nurse, think not so, but ——

Flora within. Why, Nurse, Nurse, my Lady wants you; come away there; I know where you have been all Night.

Jasp. Why, there 'tis —— this is what I fear'd, I am undone,
A plague of Cubbard Love —— step into the Closet.

Nurse. What's that you say, Cubbard Love?

Jasp. No, no, prethee no Arguments, but step into the Closet.

Flora within. Why, Nurse, I say! why don't you come away?
My Lady wants you. [*Jasper goes to the Door.*

Jasp. *Flora*, what's the matter with you? Nurse is not here;
Do but come in and see. [*Enter* Flora.

Flor. Come,

Flor. Come, come, ſhe muſt be here; for ſhe was not in her own Bed to Night, and where ſhould She be, but with you?

Jaſp. With me! what the Devil ſhould ſhe do with me? Can't her Old Chopps mumble her Beads o're, but I Muſt keep count of her her *Pater Noſters:* No, no, ſhe's Gon on Pilgrimage to ſome Shrine, to beg Children For my Lady; 'tis a devout Old Woman.

Flor. Devout! I, her Devotion and yours are much alike, The Fit ne're took you but once in your Lives, and Then, 'tis true you wept at Prayers, that was, at your Own Chriſtnings.

Jaſp. Prethee more Charity, ſweet dear *Flora*; come, let Me kiſs thee.

Flor. Pray forbear, I'de ſooner kiſs a Horſe.

Jaſp. Why ſo ſcornful, dear *Flora*?

Flor. That's not my buſ'neſs; come, tell me, where's the Nurſe?

Jaſp. Prethee, why doſt ask me for the Nurſe? Doſt think I am ſo hot to make Love to a Monument? Why, ſhe's Old enough to be Mother of all Mankind; her skin's Turn'd to parchment, he that ſhould enjoy her, had as Good lye with a bundle of Old Records. In truth, ſhe's Fit for nothing now, but to be hang'd up amongſt the Monſters in a Pothecaries Shop, where, with abuſe to The Beaſt, ſhewould be taken for a large Apes skin ſtufft VVith Hay. Ah, *Flora*, if ſhe were as Young as thou art, then't might be likely, I might find her when ſhe was loſt.

Flor. Well, if ſhe be not here now, I'm ſure it was not for Nothing you once loſt your way into her Chamber, And ſtaid all Night.

Jaſp. Meer Drunkenneſs, by this Light, *Flora*! VVhy, if it had Been a Vault full of Dead Carkaſſes, I ſhould have ſlipt Into it in the pickle I was in —— Nay, for ought I know, VVith more pleaſure too. [*Enter Nurſe.*

Nurſe. Now out upon you for a Rogue, There's no enduring this.

Jaſp. Do but hear me, Nurſe.

Flor. Ay,

Flor. Ay, hear him, Nurſe, he'l be ſure to recant and
Swear you're as ſweet as —— a —— fogh —— ſo ſweet ——

Nurſe. VVhat, Huſſy, dare you abuſe me —— I that gave ſuck
To my Lady before thou waſt born —— you Young VVhore.

Flor. Young VVhore! why not Old VVhore, Nurſe, as well as Young VVhore?

Nurſe. You damn'd Young Slut, I'le tear out your Eyes.

Flor. My Feet ſhall ſave my Eyes, except you can out-run
Me to my Lady. [*Exit* Flora.

Jaſp. Have not you made fine work now? I but diſſembled
To take off ſuſpition —— and you muſt ſhew your ſelf,
I'm ſure I ſhall be turn'd away for your folly.

Nurſe. But diſſembled, ſaid you? Marry, there's diſſembling indeed.

Jaſp. Nay, Nurſe, conſider, doſt think I would have ſpoke ſo
In thy hearing, had it been for any other thing? But
Prethee kiſs me —— I proteſt thou'rt as ſweet as *Arſifettito.*

Nurſe. Arſifettito! What's that?

Jaſp. A Rich perfume the Chymiſts make, and good againſt
Fits o'th' Mother. But what ſhall I do now? I ſhall
Be turn'd away.

Nurſe. I'le warrant thee, I'le place thee with *Eugenia*, ſhe
Shall take care of thee for mine and a Friends ſake
Of hers.

Jaſp. Ay, ay, that's *Franciſco*; but you have promis'd me
Often to tell me a ſecret concerns them; prethee
Do't now, Nurſe.

Nurſe. But will you ne're ſpeak on't? If you do, I ſhall
Get no more money for thee, *Jaſper*; that's the way,
I get all, Chuck; no, no, no matter what's between them,
Truſt thou to me.

Jaſp. Well, Nurſe, I thought you had Lov'd me, but I ſee
You do not; you know I can keep ſecrets.

Nurſe. Ay, but this is ſuch a one I dare not tell it; beſides
It was not *Eugenias* fault at firſt —— alas, poor
Fool, ſhe was in a ſad taking, when ſhe found
Her Couzen *Franciſco* in Bed with her.

Jaſp. In Bed, ſayſt thou?

Nurſe. Lord bleſs me! what have I done? If you ſhould Tell now.

Jaſp. Ne're fear it, tell me all: I would not for the World have miſt this Story, it makes a full amends For all my Croſſes; come, Nurſe, prethee quickly Tell me all paſſages.

Nurſe. I tell no more, my mind miſgives me I've ſaid Too much already.

Jaſp. Not tell me more, Old Beldame? Speak it quickly, Or what I know ſhall ſoon unto my Lord.

Nurſe. How now! Is this diſſembling too?

Jaſp. No, 'tis as great a truth as what you told me of, *Don Franciſco*'s Bedding with *Eugenia*; tell me the Reſt, and by it ſave your Life.

Nurſe. Dear *Jaſper*, be not angry, and I will.

Jaſp. Come, Nurſe, do it, and then we'l kiſs and be Friends. I ſhall have uſe of her. [*Aſide.*

Nurſe. Now thou ſhalt have my heart; and thus it is: *Don Franciſco* doth often meet *Eugenia* i'th' Garden, who, to avoid ſuſpition, after her Siſters In Bed, by my means gets her Night-Gown, and Puts it on ſo to avoid being known, ſhou'd any ſee her.

Jaſp. Oh, Excellent! when do they meet again?

Nurſe. I've promis'd him this Night, though ſhe was loath, Till I told her he would but take his leave, for ſhe's Grown a little backward, now ſhe's to marry *Don Gerardo.*

Jaſp. Is ſhe to marry him, ſayſt thou?

Nurſe. I, ſure, for he makes Love to her, and ſhe's ſo hot Upon't, that ſhe vows after this Night never to meet *Franciſco* any more; but I'le go Live with her, And ſo ſhalt thou.

Jaſp. Ay, ſo I will —— i'th' Garden, ſayſt thou, and in her Siſters Gown, no body with them!

Nurſe. Yes, the Lord *Sebaſtian*, he knows all, and alwayes Waits upon 'em.

Jaſp. That's well, keep thou the ſecret cloſe, and ne're fear me; But if my Lord ſhould ask ſuſpitiouſly queſtions

About

About his Wife —— name *Pedro* to him, say, when he's From Home, that Fellow stayes too long within her Chamber, and say, that *Flora* waits; leave me to prove It true.

Nurse. Why, 'tis not so, I dare not tell my Lord so damn'd a Lye.

Jasp. Why? Y'are a Fool, there shall no hurt come of it, Only we'l be Reveng'd of *Pedro*, and that Slut, for They're our Enemies; besides, if you won't, I'le swear You told me so, and moreover, let him know all the Rest y'have told me.

Nurse. Nay, don't be angry, and I'le do any thing.

Enter Cælia, Pedro, *and* Flora.

Cæl. Oh, thou Old doting Fool! what, still remain here! What punishment is proper for thy Age? As for you, Sirrah, I believe my Lord will find a way quickly to Send you packing.

Jasp. It may be so, but 'tis without a cause.

Cæl. Impudent Villain! how I do hate thy sight. Follow you me. [*To Nurse.*] [*Ex.* Cæl. Nurse, *&* Flora.

Ped. What, i'th' dumps, Seignior! all a mort for your Mistress, faith man, take it not so to heart, there are others I'th' World as Young, though few may be as handsome.

Jasp. Ay, Sir, 'tis to be suppos'd; you can boast it by Experience, There are Young Ladies for spruce *Pedro's* —— *Jasper* —— Must be content with their Nurses.

Ped. Content, say you? I, Marry, if she content you not, the Devil can't; why, she's a Dish of variety, like a huge *Olio*; there's all Ages of Women in her. Thou art The happiest man in a Mistress, *Jasper* —— faith, I envy thee.

Jasp. 'Tis very well.

Ped. Not too well neither.

Jasp. You may laugh; you stand on the top of Favour, Have a care of falling down, I may catch you One day.

Ped. No, never with an Old Woman; it's worse then Committing Incest; to Cuckold, for ought I know, a dozen Generations.

Jaſp. Reſt you merry, I can leave you.
Ped. But I'le not quit you ſo. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antonio *and* Gerardo *Diſcourſing.*

Ger. In this, dear Friend, conſiſts my happineſs;
Therefore deny me not —— Why pauſe you, Sir?
My fears are come about ——

Anto. What, hath *Eugenia* given her conſent?

Ger. I ſay not ſo, my Lord, but her denyals
Were ſpoke ſo faintly, I Interpret well.

Anto. Dear Friend, I am afraid you do miſtake
The Object of your Joyes, let me perſwade
You to believe, there's not that happineſs
In Marriage-Beds, as ſingle People gueſs,
No, no, ſo far from that, that thouſands be
Flatter'd by hopes to endleſs miſery.
And where there's two obtain their hearts deſire,
Ten thouſand miſs it, and in grief expire.

Ger. Were theſe Poſitions true, there's no man, ſure,
If Widdowed once, could other Wives endure.
And yet we ſee the firſt depriv'd of Life,
There's few that ſeek not for a ſecond Wife.

Anto. 'Tis true, though ſtrange, but yet our minds are ſuch,
As alwayes find too little, or too much;
Deſire's a Monſter, whoſe extended Maw
Is never fill'd, tho' it doth all things draw:
For we with envious Eyes do others ſee,
Who want our ills, and think they happy be,
Till we poſſeſſing what we wiſh'd before,
Find our ills doubl'd, and ſo wiſh for more.

Ger. Suppoſe all true which you wou'd have me fear,
Ills in poſſeſſion ſtill the greateſt are:
And my deſires to ſuch a height do riſe,
T' attain their ends, I ſhou'd all elſe deſpiſe.

Anto. Since y'are reſolv'd, I'le not your ends deny,
But pray my words prove falſe when e're you try;
Though well they ſpeak, who ſay the damned State,
Chiefly conſiſts in wiſhing things too late:

Eugenia's

Eugenia's Father left her to my care,
Which trust to end so well I did despair:
Then name the day of Marriage ———
Ger. No delay
My thoughts admit; I wish it were to day.
Anto. That cannot be, to Morrow I approve.
Ger. Time will flye slow, though Impt with wings of Love.

Enter Cælia *and* Eugenia.

Cæl. My Lord, I beg your pardon for a short interruption.
Ger. Madam, 'tis I have cause to beg your pardon,
Thus to detain your Lord, on's Wedding-day,
A Day in Justice should be wholly yours.
Cæl. My Lord is happy so to be detain'd,
And I am alwayes happy when he's so.
But good, my Lord, your Ear ——— *whispers* Anto. *he takes a paper privately out of her pocket.*
Ger. Madam, if you repent not what y'have said,
In answer to those Vows of my Affection,
I then dare hope I may in time be happy.
Eugen. Tho' I ne're thought your words were further meant,
Then to pass time away in Raillery;
Yet were my Answers such, as if you had
Told me a real Story of your Love:
And the same Answers I'le again renew;
My Will's confin'd; my Father's last Commands
Left me no Choice but anothers will;
If I were free, I then durst speak my thoughts:
But I, in all, my Brother must obey.
Ger. He checks your Actions only, thoughts are free,
Suppose him willing, would you favour me?
Eugen. But to suppose without his Will's a Crime,
If I that supposition should declare.
Ger. I do confess I should be loath to own
That Blessing which I rate above my Life,
If 'twere bestow'd by any hands but yours;
Therefore by all your hopes I do conjure you,
If you dislike my Love, Command my silence.
Eugen. Interpret well my blushes, when I say

I cannot find a thought for such Commands.

Ger. Then I am happy 'bove the reach of Envy;
For I have his consent already granted,
He nam'd the day of Marriage as you enter'd.

Eugen. You see, my Lord, that I had cause for fear,
Since I'm bestow'd, and my consent ne're askt.
Sure my dead Father ne're design'd it so?

Ger. Madam, I beg your pardon, for a truth
Might well excuse your Brother in this matter;
I urg'd to him I doubted not your favour,
On which Condition he did grant me his.

Eugen. I shall hear further of it from himself,
Till when, I beg your pardon. [*Offers to go out.*

Anto. Sister, pray stay, for I have bus'ness with you.
I know, my Dear, you never Lov'd that Fellow,
VVhich since you do not, though he serves me well,
Yet I'm resolv'd for this to part with him,
Tho' I could think a Pension for your Nurse,
To keep her at a distance, were as well.

Cæl. Though now her dotage makes her want discretion,
Her Love to us was great.

Anto. Come, trouble not your self about it, he shall go.

Cæl. My Lord, I'le trouble you no further.

Ger. I'le wait upon you, Madam. [*Ex.* Gerar. *and* Cæl.

Anto. Sister, you know your Father was my Friend,
And was so confident that I was his,
He trusted all your Fortunes in my hands,
Though he had Brothers Living when he Dy'd,
He told you too, and left it in his VVill,
That what you had was mine, if you did Marry
VVithout my Approbation: Is't not true?

Eugen. Sir, 'tis a truth I'm glad of.

Anto. These things your Kindred though, did call contrivance,
VVhich made their hatred rise so much against me,
It makes a few'd betwixt our Families,
VVhich soon would come to Blood, but for Respect
They bear my VVife, their Cozen.

Eugen. Brother,

Eugen. Brother, I cannot answer for their Actions,
My own Respects to you were never wanting.
Anto. I do not deny it, Sister; and to prove
I never did, nor will deserve worse from you,
If you are willing now to change your State,
And know a man preferr'd in your Election,
Let him have Blood and worth, you and your Fortune
I freely will resign into his hands.
Then truly speak your thoughts.
Eugen. Surely, my Lord,
You'd scarcely think I should be worth your care,
If I should choose before you nam'd one to me.
Anto. Sister, I see your Kindreds Jealousies
Partly infects you too; but to remove them,
What think you of *Gerardo*, for a Husband?
My wishes meet with yours, if he's their Object;
You know I'm no Dissembler.
Engen. Nor shall you find me so; for I confess
In this you prove your Kindness, Care, and Justice;
And I must meet it with my greatest thanks.
Anto. I'm joyful for it; to morrow is the day,
A private Wedding will prevent all Rumour,
You'd best withdraw then to provide your self. [*Ex.* Eugen.
What Paper's this I got out of her Pocket?
Pray Heaven it be the right; it is the same,
The very same —— what makes me tremble!
Is't horror or desire, or both assault me?
Be it what it will, 'tis Hell to live in doubt;
But stay, my Conscience sayes 'tis Sacriledge ——
What's that? A word by cunning Priests invented
To keep the Cheats they live by from our knowledge;
As the *Ægyptian* did with *Hieroglyfficks*;
But be it what it will, a Name, or thing,
I'le read it, for't may Cure my Jealousie,
And surely that exceeds Hells misery.
But to my Closet, where no Eye can see,
All are call'd Pious, who live scandal free. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Eugenia *and Nurse.*

Engen. Since he has promis'd but to take his leave,
And neither then, nor never urge more Sin,
I am content to give him this last meeting.

Nurse. He'l be a glad man, I'm sure —— but what shall poor *Jasper* do?

Eugen. If he will marry you, I'le keep you both.

Nurse. Thank you, Madam, I'le tell him your good will. [*Exit.*

Eugen. VVhat by this cursed Sin am I reduc'd to?
To be a Slave to Slaves; nay, worse, a Bawd,
A Name so base, profest ones do detest it,
And yet I'm one, this cursed Hellish Hagg has made me so.
The first did sell, and then betray'd my Honour,
Yet thinks she has oblig'd me by the Action.
Nay, I am forc't to say so now to please her;
Some heavenly Angel make me Chaste again,
Or make me nothing, I am resolv'd to try,
Before I'de still live VVhore, I'de choose to dye.

Enter Jasper.

Jasp. I'm come to thank your Lady-ship for the great care,
Nurse sayes, you have of me; but faith, Madam, I
VVas ne're made to be Steel to a Tinder-Box; she's
Meer Touch-wood; no, I'm not for Marrying great
Grannums: But if your Lady-ship knows any Young
Dame, that wants a strong back to do her drudgery,
Though it be in her Lord's absence, I'm content.

Eugen. VVhat, is the Fellow mad?

Jasp. No, Madam, not mad at all, but can as soberly keep
Councel as the best Young Gallant of 'em all; and am
As able to do the feat: Please your Lady-ship to try me,
And praise me as you find; if you dislike my work,
I'le lose my labour, and have nothing for my pains.

Eugen. Oh, strange, unheard-of Impudence! Out, Villain. [*Ex.*

Jasp. So scornful! Villain! Nay, if you call me so, 'tis time
To be so; what a Devil ayls my face, that she contemns
Me thus? May be my Nose is not long enough she thinks,
Pox on her Pride, 'tis that or'e-comes her Leachery —— I must

Alter

Alter my Trade, for I was ne're born I ſee to thrive by
Love; then I'le ſet up a ſhop of hatred, and the Wares I
Vent ſhall be Revenge, that may hit; but hold, my Lord.

Enter Antonio.

Anto. What have I got? Am I more ſatisfy'd
By this ſame Paper then I was before?
No, not at all; and yet why ſhould I not?
There's not a thought ſet down concerneth me ——
Yet that's her policy ——
She either fear'd that I ſhould get the Paper,
Or elſe on purpoſe did contrive I might;
But how can I know that? This Jealouſie,
If it continue long, will make me mad.

Jaſp. Well, the Devil has put him on this pin meerly
To do me a kindneſs.

Anto. And yet it muſt continue, who can Cure it?
Ay, there's it, who can Cure it? Then I muſt be mad!
Nay, I'm mad already, ſtark mad! ——

Jaſp. My good Lord.

Anto. What's the matter? I fear he heard me. [*Aſide.*

Jaſp. I come to take leave of your Lordſhip, I have
Enemies I hear have turn'd me going.

Anto. Is't not deſervedly, thou Goat?

Jaſp. Yes, yes, it may be ſo, ſince they will have it ſo;
But if I had never ſeen, I had ne're been turn'd
Away for doing: If I were as ready to make
Miſchief, as I am fear'd to be; Nurſe and I had not
Been only the Sufferers.

Anto. Explain your Riddle, Sirrah.

Jaſp. Nay, let my Tongue come out e're I ſay any thing to
Diſquiet your Lordſhip, I love you better.

Anto. Diſquiet me! What lyes within thy power to ſay that
Can diſquiet me?

Jaſp. Nay, nothing it may be, my Lady is my Lady, and
You are a kind Lord, that's all I know; ſo begging
Your Lordſhips Diſcharge, I'm gone, and then your
Fears are over.

Anto. Villain, thou'st given me poyson; my veins swell
With it, produce the Antidote, or I'le dissect thy Soul
To find it out; what is't you know that can disquiet me?

Jasp. I know little, my Lord, to'th' purpose, besides, it will
But vex you, since there may be no harm in it.

Anto. Come, come, no going back, tell quickly what you know.

Jasp. I know, why, I know that my Lady hates me,
Because I told your Lordship the time she was to
Deliver the Jewels and Money to *Don Lewis*, and
Still she calls me false in being true to you —— but ——

Anto. But what?

Jasp. But if I should say all I know —— well, but let
That alone, good, my Lord, your Discharge.

Anto. Vile Dog, dost raise my Anger for to play with it?
I'le vent it upon thee then. [*Draws, and cuts at him.*

Jasp. Hold, hold, my Lord, and I'le tell all I know.

Anto. Let's hear it.

Jasp. When you lay hid about *Don Lewis*'s death, I've
Often seen a Lady in the Night to meet two Men
I'th' Garden, but am not sure it was your Lady.

Anto. What makes you name her then?

Jasp. Her Gown, I think it was her Gown.

Anto. Wa'st often, say you?

Jasp. Yes, every Night, except you lay at home, for I
Took pains to watch, they never fail'd coming,
But there was but one of them went into the House,
Sir, and he neither would not stay above an hour
At most: this is all.

Anto. All, quoth a! What Devil would have more,
If 'twas my Lady.

Jasp. I can't say that, but yet I dare be sworn it was
Her Gown, I do believe, I mean, I think it was.

Anto. Could you not guess the men?

Jasp. I think they were *Francisco* and *Sebastian*.

Anto. It must be they; a plague upon their Fewds;
They can Revenge themselves upon my Wife:
Go, call the Nurse, this she must needs conspire in;

But

But keep all private from her. [*Exit* Jaſper.
Is ſhe ſo buckſome? Has ſhe more Kinſmen Stallions?
I'le cleanſe her Blood, or empty all her veins;
Confeſſions calls ſhe theſe! Betwixt Religion and her Leachery
The Devil dances Barley-break — but hold — why
May'nt the Rogue contrive this for Revenge?
For if I reflect his pretending not to tell, did but
Uſher in the Story. I muſt be cautious of a too light belief.

Enter Cælia.

Cæl. My Lord, by Accident I've loſt a Paper, which troubles me.
Anto. A Paper, ſay you? I took up one i'th' Garden, and I
Think this is it.
Cæl. It is, my Lord, and I rejoyce no other Perſon found it.
Anto. Why, what is it?
Cæl. 'Tis the Confeſſion that I told you of.
Anto. I might have read it then, and ne're askt you, had
I but known it.
Cæl. If your Lordſhip pleaſes you may read it.
Anto. No, no, I will not, but prethee keep it better.
Cæl. My Lord, there are ſome Tenants, who deſire to expreſs
Their Loves by Rural Recreations ——
Anto. Bid e'm ſtay, their ſporrs are more in ſeaſon after Dinner.
So willing now to have it read, and yet before ſo backward! [*Ex.* Cæl.
Why, this confirms me ſhe is falſe, it was contriv'd
On purpoſe for my ſight. The Devil's not ſo cunning
As a Woman. [*Enter Nurſe.*
Oh, Beldame, are you come? Tell me, you Bawd,
Who Whores my Wife? For Whore I know ſhe is,
And you're her Bawd. Tell me, I ſay, the man,
The place, the Circumſtance, and very time,
Or I will quarter thee, and throw thy fleſh to'th' dogs.
Nurſe. Alas, my Lord, I know nothing but that when
You're from Home, *Pedro* goes to her Chamber, and
Stays there all Night, but what they do, I know
Not, for none but *Flora's* with them.
Anto. *Pedro*! Oh monſtrous, ſhe would devour a Legion!
Is't every Night, do you ſay?

Nurse. Yes, every Night; but I durst never tell you!
Alas, she suckt these Breasts.

Anto. Shew me this Night *Pedro*, in Bed with her,
Or I will cut thy Tongue out.

Nurse. 'Tis impossible when you are at home.

Anto. I will contrive a Journey out of Town, but will at
Twelve return, then let me in; for if you fail
I'le cut your Throat.

Nurse. I'le do my best. [*Exit.*

Anto. Pedro! What sordid Devil prompted her to that?
Why, I am known to all the World a Cuckold;
The very Boys i'th' street must point at me;
But hold, this new Intelligence struck out the old,
And made me quite forget about *Francisco.*

Enter Jasper.

Oh, *Jasper!* I'm confirm'd my Wife's a Devil;
And I will send her to the rest e're Morning;
Go and contrive a Letter from *Don John*;
Shall intimate he's sick, and wants my presence,
Then I'le contrive the rest.

Jasp. Be not too rash, my Lord, might I advise
You should be certain e're you Acted ought.

Anto. How can I be more certain then this Night,
To be Eye-witness of her Lust my self,
As Nurse has undertook I shall.

Jasp. Ay, Sir, but things may fail, and they not meet.

Anto. Name a more certain way then.

Jasp. My Lord, there lives a Woman in the Suburbs
Mighty in Science, who by Art can tell
All that she pleases, I'de have you go to her.

Anto. Is she of your acquaintance?

Jasp. No, my Lord, she scorns such things as me,
She's for the great ones; though for Charity,
She sometimes helps poor people to their goods,
I'me sure she'd serve your Lordship.

Anto. I fear she'l never trust us, lest we should betray
Her to the Inquisition.

Jasp.

Jasp. No fear of that, she cannot be betray'd,
She knows Mens bus'ness er'e they come unto her.
Anto. Well then, contrive my absence, I'le go thither,
I'm sure to know whether she cheats or no,
For if she names *Don Lewis* 'mongst the rest,
I shall believe her. Well, about the Letter. [*Exit.*
Jasp. Are you there with your Beares; *Don Lewis* say you?
Marry now I find 'twas Jealousie of his Wife;
And not the matter of Money made him kill him,
Whether he was guilty or no; I'le be sure he shan't
Be forgot, for I'le before hand to my Aunt, and tell
Her all; I hope, she is a Witch; the People say so, a
Mighty Artist I am sure she is, for she has done
Strange things, and all men fear her, besides I
Know she loves me, and will strive all she can to
Do me good, and hap what will my Lord will
Think me honest; for Night will surely shew his
Sister to him, dress't in's Ladyes Gown, what though
He kill her, the mistake will lye o'th' Night, and not
On me, thus I make good the Villain that she call'd
Me, in my Revenge on her; and if Nurse fails me
Not, I'le have my Lady, and *Pedro*; finely firkt.
When this is done, my Lord rewards my care,
Let him the danger I'le the profit share.
And since things Excellent commended be,
'Tshall be my Aym t'excell in Villany.

The End of the first Act.

Act

Act the Second.

Enter Jasper *and the Witch.*

Jasp. THis kindness, Aunt, I beg, your Art must do;
For I have no way else to save my place.
witch. Why, 'tis impossible; I've no such Art
As People think, to call up Spirits to me;
Nor know I any thing, but what is told me.
Jasp. Now you dissemble, Aunt, for han't you often
Rais'd Storms, have rent up Trees, and shook strong
Towers? Seeming to threaten Nature with it's end;
And at such times have sent strange shaped
Spirits, who have restored to owners stolen Goods.
These things so many know, it is impossible
For you to keep it private; but I find,
Rather then trust me with your mighty secrets,
Or help me with your Art, you'l see my Ruine.
witch. These things you speak of, people think I do,
And so I'de have e'm; for 'tis the only way I have to Live:
The Vulgar People love to be deluded;
And things the most unlikely they most dote on;
A strange Disease in Cattle, Hogs or Pigs,
Or any Accident in Cheese or Butter;
Though't be but Natural, or a Sluts fault,
Must strait be Witchcraft! Oh, the Witch was here!
The Ears or Tail is burn'd, the Churn is burn'd;
And this to hurt the Witch, when all the while
They're likest Witches that believe such Cures;
Could I do all that People think I can,
I'de ne're take pains to find out stolen Goods,

Or

Or hold intelligence with Thieves to bring e'm,
Meerly to get my Bread; no, I would make
The Universe pay Tribute to my power,
And all the Bug-bear Lords Inquisitors
More tremble at my Name then I do now
At theirs: Ah, *Jasper*, would I raise
Storms when I would, blast Corn, turn Rivers backward,
Change shapes, mov'd where I pleas'd i'th' Air,
And that so fast, as thought it self would
Hardly overtake me:
What is't I could not do? if all were true
The Foolish People think, the Pope himself would
Quickly lose Respect,
And none be thought infallible but I.

Jasp. I'm sure I tremble for your want of power,
More then I should to see Hells dreadfull'st shape,
For I must flye the Town.

witch. *Jasper*, not so; though I can raise no Devils,
Yet I Confederate with Rogues and Taylors,
Things that can shape themselves like Elves,
And Goblins ——
And often do like Spirits haunt great Houses,
Most times to steal, but many times for mirth;
These I'le soon send for; arise, my *Pinoula*. *Enter a little Devil, and tumbles the Summerset.*

Jasp. Heav'ns bless me! save me, good Aunt.

witch. From what? You Fool, 'tis but a little Boy,
Which I instruct to carry on my Cheats:
Come, leave your Fooling, I have bus'ness for you;
Uncase your self, and quickly go and find
Ranter, and *Swash*, *Dive*, *Fob*, *Snap*, *Gilt*, and *Pick-lock*,
Those are my Archest Devils; as you go
Call upon *Dog'rell* the Ballad-maker, and say
I want him strait, bid them be sure
To bring home half a dozen more with them,
For I shall need their help, let e'm not fail,
For money's to be got.

Devil. 'Tis that will make e'm come; I'le haste, forsooth. [*Exit.*

Jasp. I'm

Jasp. I'm glad it's gone, for surely it was a Devil,
What ever you pretend.

witch. Thou'rt a Fool:
It was a Boy, I tell thee, and no Devil;
Nor am I a sorceress, though I could wish
To do thee good I was: But 'tis no matter;
Bring thou thy Lord, I'le practice well enough
To make him think all true, that I shall shew him.

Jasp. You now Revive my Drooping Spirits, Aunt, and
Make my hopes grow strong! Ah sweet Revenge,
How my soul Dances but with thoughts of it;
Assist me, Aunt, to get this mighty Blessing, and I
Shall dye your slave.

witch. O rare Boy!
How I rejoyce to see this Spirit in thee,
For 'tis the vertue of our Family
To seek Revenge, not basely swallow wrongs:
Don Sancho De Monsalvo, thy Grandsire
Was for a while Vice-Admiral of Spain,
But then disgrac'd turn'd Pyrate and Reveng'd
With Fire and Sword on all Mankind, the wrongs
He thought the Court had basely plac'd on him;
At last he was betray'd and lost his head,
Thy Father turn'd Bandetto, what he got
I did dispose of for him; but his Fate
Betray'd him too to Death by Execution:
Since when I by these Arts do strive to live,
And thou art forc'd to serve ——
That very Lord, who does those Lands
Possess should have been thine.

Jasp. But will e're long mount to some higher sphere,
Or dye in the attempt; this Plot, perhaps, may do,
And I thereby obtain some part of my Estate
Again; for if the plotted mischiefs shall succeed,
I'le tell him whom I am, and my resolves, either
To share his Fortunes or Reveal all. Then I will
Rise *Don Jasper De Monsalvo*, and Cheek by Jole,

Ask

Ask how *Antonio* does. Then don't forget the names.

Witch. Not one of them: I know them very well.

Jaſp. Farewell, Dear Aunt, but don't you ſeem to know me.

Witch. Out you great Fool! What become my Inſtructer?
Be careful of your ſelf, and fear not me. Farewel, boy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antonio, Gerardo, Cælia, Eugenia, *as to a Maſque, and take their ſeats.*

Ger. Have you heard, Madam, what they repreſent?

Cælia. My Lord, I'm told they mean to play the Gipſies,
And tell our fortunes to us.

Anto. I would they could.

Eugen. If all Man's life determin'd is before,
I would not know my Deſtiny me-thinks,
For good is beſt, when leaſt it is Expected;
And bad fore-ſeen is doubl'd by our fear
Things certain no fore-knowledge can prevent
Such knowledge only can bring diſcontent.

Ger. In this with you I perfectly agree.

Anto. Yet for all that I wiſh I could foreſee.

Cælia. My Lord, what profit by it wou'd you gain?

Anto. 'Twould cure doubt to me the deadlieſt pain.

Ger. Doubt is th'effect of fear or Jealouſie,
Two Paſſions which to Reaſon give the Lye
For fear torments, but never does aſſiſt,
And Jealouſie is love loſt in a Miſt.
Both Hood-wink truth, then go to blind-mans buff,
Cry here, then there, ſeem to direct enought:
But all the while ſhift place making the mind
As it goes out of breath deſpair to find.
And if at laſt ſomething it ſtumbles on,
Perhaps it calls it falſe and then 'tis gone.
If true, what's gain'd only juſt time to ſee
A breachleſs Play a Game at Liberty;
That has no other end then this, that men
Run to be tyr'd juſt to ſet down agen.

Anto. This is a truth, and ſo for ought I know,
To the ſame purpoſe tends all things we do:

Life's a Diſeaſe, and yet we ſeldom ſay,
That Man is ſick whom we ſee laugh and play;
And 'tis as well to bid the Bed-rid ride,
As to bid Men in doubt be ſatisfy'd:
For 'tis the mind's Diſeaſe, and Phyſick ſhould
Be proper to't, or elſe the Patient's fool'd.
And there's no Drug in Nature doubt to Cure
But only one, and that is to be ſure.

Cæl. Yes, Circumſtance, my Lord, if well apply'd.

Anto. I've known that often fail, when it was try'd.
But they come —— [*Flouriſh.*

Enter firſt Gipſie, and ſings.

1. Gipſie. *COme, come, away; follow, follow your Prince,*
I am King of the ſwarthy Complexions;
Follow me that can lead you through Chimneys and Chinks
To ſteal Bacon and Peaſe,
Nay, ſometimes with eaſe
To a Feaſt of the choyceſt Confections.
Come, follow me then, come away, come away.

Enter ſecond Gipſie, and ſings.

2. Gip. *We know no Rebellion, but obey, but obey,*
To our King we are juſt,
And true to our truſt,
Leaving diſcord to thoſe, that their Princes oppoſe,
When by the Spirit of Treaſon in Non-ſence they pray.

Enter all the reſt, and ſing.

Chor. *We know*, &c.

1. Gip. *Come then, and follow, a prize, a prize, a prize.*

2. Gip. *Give the word then, and hollow.*

All. *A prize, a prize, a prize.*

1. Gip. *Here*

1. Gip. *Here are Gallants and Ladies have Fortunes to tell.*
2. Gip. *We'l tell e'm good Fortune if they give us a ſpell.*
1. Gip. *A hand croſt with ſilver the Spirit infuſes.*
2 Gip. *There's no Prophet lately that mettle refuſes.*
1. Gip. *Men get Heaven now by Bargain and Sale.*

Chor. *Maſſes, Trentals, and Dirges*
Are not had for no Charges,
And a Vicar for nothing won't tell you a Tale.

All. *Maſſes*, &c.
1. Gip. *All things are bought and ſold.*
2. Gip. *Good Fortune goes with Gold.*
1. Gip. *Fall on to your Trading then.*
Men Gip. *W'are for the Ladies.*
Wom. Gip. *And we for the Men.*

1. *Gip.* To *Cæl.* Lady, you have loſt a Lover,
Croſs my hand, I'le more diſcover.
2. *Gip.* To *Anto.* My Lord, I know you baſeneſs ſcorn,
And would be loath to wear a Horn.
1. *Gip.* To *Eug* .Lady, ſome do ſpeak you fair,
That hatred to your welfare bear.
2. *Gip.* To *Ger.* My Lord, you Love a handſom Lady,
She Loves you as well it may be.

1. Gip. ſings. *Thus we ſeldom miſs the matter,*
Things paſt we can tell, by theſe Generals well,
And ne're ſtay to prove the truth of the latter.
All. *Things paſt*, &c.

1. To *Cæl.* You ſhall Live long and happily, Lady.
2. To *Anto.* My Lord, I can tell you, good Fortunes your Friend.
1. To *Eug.* You ſhall e're long play with your own Baby.
2. To *Ger.* Your Love, my Lord, will have good end.

1. Gip. ſings. *Thus we Live merrily, merrily, merrily,*
And thus to our Dancing we ſing;
Our Lands and our Livings
Lye in others believings,
When to all Men we tell the ſame thing:
And thus to our Dancing we ſing.
Thus we, &c.

[*An Antique of Gipſies, and Exeunt.*

Anto. By this we ſee that all the Worlds a Cheat,
Where truths and falſhoods lye ſo intermixt,
And are ſo like each other, that 'tis hard
To find the difference; who would not think theſe People
A real pack of ſuch as we call Gipſies.

Ger. Things perfectly alike are but the ſame;
And theſe were Gipſies, if we did not know
How to conſider them the contrary:
So in Terreſtial things there is not one
But takes its Form and Nature from our fancy;
Not its own being, and is what we do think it.

Anto. But truth is ſtill it ſelf.

Ger. No, not at all, as truth appears to us;
For oftentimes
That is a truth to me that's falſe to you,
So 'twould not be if it was truly true.

Enter Pedro *and a Servant, with a Letter to* Antonio.

Serv. My Lord, *Don John* ſalutes you in that Letter.

Cæl. How does my Couzen, Friend?

Serv. Madam, I fear he's drawing near his end.

Cæl. 'Pray Heav'n divert it.

Anto. The Letter ſhews, that Death did guide his hand;
It only ſays, Oh Friend, come now or never.

Ger. How did his Sickneſs take him?

Serv. Chacing the Buck too hard; he hot with Labour,
Drunk of a cooling Spring too eagerly,
And that has given him pains, the Doctors ſay,
Will give him Death immediately.

Cæl. Heav'n grant him help.

Anto. Return, and tell thy Lord, I'm at thy heels.
Pedro, bring my Boots, and bid two Horſes be made
Ready.

Cæl. Whom do you take, my Lord?

Anto. Pedro: — but hold, *Jaſper* is not diſcharg'd,
I'le ee'n take him.

Cæl. Jaſper, my Lord! Pray take not him. } *Enter* Ped.
Anto. Why not him, there are no Nurſes there? } *with Boots.*

Where's

Where's *Jaſper Pedro*?

Ped. He ſaid he wou'd not dine, and went
Abroad, yet I ſuppoſe he may be now in's Chamber.

Anto. Reach my Bootes, who has worn 'em lately?
I do believe you get into my Bootes.

Ped. I, my Lord. } *Strikes* Pedro *with a Boot top.*

Anto. I, you, my Rogue! Go, ſee for *Jaſper*.

[*Exit* Pedro.

Cæl. My Lord! Why do you thus diſturb your ſelf?

Anto. You ſee the blow don't maim him, you need
Not be concern'd.

Cælia. What means my Lord?

Anto. As you hate *Jaſper*, I hate whom I pleaſe.

Enter Jaſper.

Cæl. His ſight ſtrikes terror to me!

Anto. *Jaſper*, make ready, you muſt go with me. [*Exit* Jaſp.

Cæl. Here on my knees I beg you would not take him:
But if you be reſolv'd, let me go too.

Anto. That cannot be: Don *John's* a Batchellor,
And is not fitted to have Women gueſts.

Cæl. I will diſpence with any thing, my Lord,
Then let me go, or do not take *Jaſper*.

Anto. Come, I muſt break this Childiſh way of yours,
Jaſper ſhall go, and you ſhall ſtay at home,
And ſo Farewell; make merry with our Friends.

Ger. Do not reſolve, my Lord; ſee how ſhe takes it.

Anto. This paſſion ſoon will over; farewell, Friend,
I ſhall return to give *Eugenia* to you. [*Exit Anto.*

Ger. I ne're perceiv'd his will to reign before,
Some ſudden fancy makes him Obſtinate.

Eug. So, give her Air, ſhe comes to her ſelf.

Cæl. Where is my Lord! What gone! am I deluded?
I Saw an Angel lead him back again.

Ger. Her fancy is diſturb'd, make no anſwer:

Cæl. Why Siſter, where's my Lord?

Eug. Do not diſturb your ſelf, my Brother's well.

Cæl. Get me a horſe, for I will follow him.

Enter

Enter Antonio *Bleeding.*

Anto. Fetch me ſome water there.

Cæl. My Dream was true, my Deareſt Lord's return'd!
What makes you Bleed?

Anto. As I was lifting up my Foot to the Stirrop, my Noſe
Guſht out a Bleeding.

Eugen. My Siſter dreamt, an Angel led you back,
And I believe it now.

Ger. Pray take ſome other with you, I, if you pleaſe
Will keep you Company.

Ant. No, I'm reſolv'd to ſtay, and ſend him word, I am
Took ill my ſelf; my Noſe leaves Bleeding.

Cæl. I am ſatisfy'd, my Lord, you do not go, and therefore
Will Retire. [*Ex. all but* Anto. *and* Gerar.

Anto. Do ſo, my Dear.
Now I muſt tell my Friend, I dare not ſtay,
'Twould look but ill to ſay a Bleeding Noſe
Made *Don Antonio* ſlight his dying Friend.

Ger. If that was all, it would; but yet reflect
There are more Prodigies forbid this Journey
Then *Cæſar* had t'avoyd the Senate-Houſe.

Anto. Had *Cæſar* not been ſlain, thoſe Accidents
We now call Prodigies, had been forgot;
And ſo will theſe when I am ſafe return'd.

Ger. Conſider but your Ladies high concern,
Her ſuddain ſounding, and recovery,
On which ſhe cry'd an Angel brings him back,
Your Bleeding and Return ſpeaks ſhe dream't true,
The ſtopping of it too was not the leaſt,
All theſe together force me to believe
That you from heav'n theſe warnings did receive.

Anto. Surely, *Gerardo*, we muſt heav'n offend
To think that it theſe Accidents ſhould ſend.
It is detraction to the Pow'rs above,
To think they ſuffer what they don't approve;
For if they did this to divert my ill,
They go about, for they might change my will:

But

But mine's more firm; nay, more, ſhould I not go,
The threaten'd ill I meet, for ought I know;
For if their boads be certain, then I may
Meet th' effects whether I go or ſtay.

Ger. Vainly we ſpeak of heav'n, when vainly we
By human Wit ſet Rules to heav'ns decree,
The pow'r that made us gave us ſcope of will,
Freely to take the good, or chooſe the ill:
And though it can, it does not change that courſe,
Only perſwades to Act what it could force.

Anto. This you believe, but you muſt pardon me,
If in this point I don't with you agree;
For if to Man ſuch a free-will be given,
That damns all Præſcience and ſo baffles heav'n:
But I delay whilſt Reaſon bids me go,
And Reaſon 'tis, ſince it to me is ſo,
Then pray divert my Wife, ſo farewell, Friend. [*Exit.*

Ger. Farewell: May all my to nothing tend;
Yet ſtill I fear what ſhould the Reaſon be,
That I ſhou'd fear, yet nothing fearful ſee,
I am reſolv'd to ſend ſome Servants out
Shall wait him at a diſtance;
In doing all I can, I do the beſt,
I can no more, let heav'n do the reſt. [*Exit.*

Enter Don Francisco *and Nurſe.*

Fran. Well, 'tis ſo ſweet a ſin to Wench in danger,
That I am like to loſe the beſt part of my Recreation;
But prethee Nurſe, tell me, what cauſes this change?

Nurſe. Now if I would be hang'd, I cannot forbear telling.
Faith, my Lord, *Gerardo*'s like to be the Man now,
Though I am for your Lordſhip ſtill; you're my beſt Friend.

Fran. By heav'n I'le be his Death, and hers to boot;
Can ſhe ſlight me for him, he Whore our Kindred!
When did he firſt enjoy her?

Nurſe. Not ſo, my Lord, he's to Marry her.

Fran. Nay, if't be ſo; then I'm Reveng'd already,
For's joyning with *Antonio* 'gainſt our houſe,

He's

He's Antidated Cuckold, and by me!
O rare Revenge! There's for thy News, Nurſe. [*Gives money to her.*
Were all my Enemies but ſerv'd the ſame;
At a more full Revenge I'de never aim.

Nurſe. Me-thinks you ſhould not be ſo merry for loſing my Lady; 'faith, had I known it, you ſhould not have come into the place you wot on, by my means.

Fran. Nay, be not angry, Nurſe, I find her drift,
She loves our family, and ſtudies to Revenge it.
To make him Cuckold; how it pleaſes me!
Poyſon, nor Poniards is not half ſo well,
Go, tell her; Nurſe I'm glad ſhe takes this way:
I glory in her love! by Heaven I do,
I'le find Sebaſtian out, and laugh with him,
Till I e'en ſplit my ſides.

Nurſe. Sir, you'le tell no body I hope.

Fran. No, none but him:
To ſay as he goes by, there goes my Cuckold;
And then to laugh, go Nurſe, and tell her
I'le be ſure to meet ——— [*Exit.*

Nurſe. Another double Piſtoll for my *Jaſper*!
I'le have him one whole night for this.
For to ſpeak truth, I find the Rogue does not love me:
Heavens! What a bad world is this,
An Old Woman, though never ſo willing,
Can ſcarce get a friend for ready money:
When ſuch as *Eugenia* can make the Gold fly about;
But time will come ſhe muſt be fain to turn tail,
And pay for one as I do, or go without.
But it pleaſes me, my Lady ſays, he ſhall be my husband,
Then I ſhall need give money no longer: for faith if he
Be negligent, I'le ring him a Peal to quicken him to his duty.
Thus marry'd once, I'le doe like other wives
That make their husbands drudge for quiet lives.

The End of the Second Act.

Act

Act the Third.

Enter Don Gerardo *with a Book in his Hand.*

Song.

1.

SOme Happy Soul come down and tell
What Joys are thoſe with you do dwell?
If it be Happineſs like ours below,
which from our want of ills does only flow,
Then 'tis plain that mighty theam
Of Immortality is but a Dream.

2.

'Tis Love, 'tis Love, for nothing can
Give real Happineſs to Man,
But Joys like thoſe that Lovers Souls enjoy,
which here on Earth there's nothing can deſtroy;
Ay, ay, 'tis Love only can be
The Happy Souls endleſs felicity.

Ger. What a dull, heavy load hangs on my Soul!
Weighing me down to Earth, as if 'twould ſay
'Twas weary of its Burthen, and reſolv'd
To ſhake it off, and mix with its firſt matter;
What is the thing, call'd Death, we mortals ſhun?
Is't ſome real, or is't a fancy only?
Like that imaginary point in Mathematicks;
Not to be found only in definition:
It is no more: Death, like your Childrens Bug-bears,
Is fear'd by all, yet has no other Being
Then what weak fancy gives it; 'tis a Line,

But yet imaginary, drawn betwixt
Time and that dreadful thing Eternity;
I, that's the thing, 'tis fear'd; for now I find it:
Eternity which puzzles all the World,
To name the Inhabitants that People it:
Eternity, whose undiscover'd Countrey
We Fools divide, before we come to see it;
Making one part contain all happiness,
The other misery, then unseen fight for't.
Losing our certains for uncertainties;
All Sects pretending to a Right of choyce;
Yet none go willingly to take their part,
For they all doubt what they pretend to know,
And fear to mount, lest they should fall below:
Be't as it will; my Actions shall be just,
And for my future State I Heav'n will trust.

Enter a Servant.

Return'd already; what can be the cause?

Serv. Sir, *Don Antonio* likewise is return'd.

Ger. What reason had he for it, dost thou know?

Ser. My Lord, I do not; for we by your appointment
Having took Horse, did with our greatest speed
Pursue the Road should lead us to *Don John*'s;
When near a Thicket stands some two Miles off,
I spy'd *Antonio* lying on the ground,
And *Jasper* walking of the Horses by him,
Fearing his seeing us, we took the Thicket,
Where shelter'd from their Eyes, I left my Fellows.
But I approach'd as near as possible,
Hoping I did you Service, if I could
By their Discourse gather their cause of stay.

Ger. 'Twas like thy self, both diligent and prudent.

Serv. But all my care did signifie but little,
The Wind blew fresh, and rustling in the Wood,
Wholly destroy'd their Voyces, so that few words
Of what they said I heard; and those I did,
Came so divided they had no connexion.

Ger. What

Ger. What ſort of Actions did you then perceive?

Serv. My Lord, I ſaw *Antonio* much diſturb'd;
Sometimes he'd riſe and walk a turn or two
With eager pace, then ſtop as ſuddenly,
Then ſtamp and tear his hair; then loudly cry,
She's dead, ſhe's dead! Oh, *Cælia*, Oh, *Antonio*!
Then lye him down again, and reſt a ſpace:
Sometimes call *Jaſper* to him, talk a while,
And ſoon again riſe in another Paſſion;
Seldom I heard a word, except a Curſe!
Or now and then a Name; as *Lewis*, *Cælia*,
Pedro, *Franciſco*, *Flora*; nay, my Lord,
Sometimes I heard your Name, and then *Engenia's*;
Then ſuddenly holding his hands to Heav'n,
He'd down again, and there a while would role.

Ger. Theſe Actions ſure did ſeem a perfect madneſs.

Serv. It ſeem'd indeed a madneſs methodiz'd,
Like theirs who are Tranſported far with Paſſion.

Ger. But how perceiv'd you *Jaſper* bear himſelf?

Serv. Quite in another manner, but as ſtrange!
For when his Lord look'd down, his looks would be
As full of mirth, ready to burſt in Laughter;
That I perceiv'd he ſcarce contain'd himſelf:
But if his Lord did look about to ſpeak,
Then was his Face demure, with hand on Breaſt,
Turning his Eyes to Heav'n, and groaning ſighs,
As you have ſeen, my Lord, a Canting Preacher
Aiming to cheat his Audience, wanting matter,
Sigh to ſeem Holy, till he thought on ſomething.
So at that diſtance ſeem'd his Actions to me;
But when his back was turn'd, the Raſcal would
Make Mouths, and point with ſigns of greateſt ſcorn.

Ger. There is ſome Fatal Villany in this;
Some Myſtery beyond my Fathoming:
But how long ſtaid they thus?

Serv. About two hours, when mounting both their Horſes,
I took mine, and un-eſpy'd did dogg e'm to the City,

And where they Hous'd I know not; for they enter'd
Remote from Home, and I i'th' ſtreets ſoon loſt e'm.
Ger. Do both your Fellows know this?
Serv. No, my Lord,
I did not think it would become my Duty
To tell them any thing but what they ſaw.
Ger. I never knew thee yet miſtake thy truſt;
Thy ſecrecy was well: Preſerve it ſtill,
For I muſt uſe it further, therefore go,
And Charge your Piſtols, we muſt walk a Round
About *Antonio*'s Houſe to watch their motion;
For there the Scene muſt lye of this deſign;
If there be miſchief in't, thy courage now
(If theirs occaſion) muſt again be try'd.
And well Rewarded too.
Serv. 'Tis ſo, my Lord,
Above all other wayes in that you truſt it.
But I'le be gone, and Execute your Orders. [*Exit.*
Ger. A Faithful Servant is the beſt of Friends,
Since he is neareſt alwayes to aſſiſt us;
But ſtay, I cannot gueſs from all I've heard,
The cauſe that ſhould diſturb *Antonio*;
Except 'tis Jealouſie: Yet how can that be?
If *Cælia's* vitious there's no vertuous Women.
But now I think how much he rail'd at Marriage,
And more our Arguments concerning doubt,
Theſe things perſwade he's Jealous! But of whom?
The more I think, the more I am confounded!
How Clouded Man
Doubts firſt, and from one doubt doth ſoon proceed
A thouſand more in ſolving of the firſt;
Like Nighted Travellers we loſe our way;
Then every *Ignis Fatuus* makes us ſtray.
By the falſe Lights of Reaſon led about,
Till we arrive where we at firſt ſet out:
" Nor ſhall we e're Truths perfect High-way ſee,
" Till dawns the Day-break of Eternity. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Eugenia.

Eug. I am amaz'd the Nurſe ſhould ſtay ſo long;
My Anger makes each minute ſeem an hour:
That Woman is a thing made up of miſchief;
Some Fatal Devil ſure did guide the Choyce
My Mother made, in chooſing her our Nurſe.
She's Fool to th' height: And yet hath wit enough
To tread all Labyrinths of Treachery;
But that's no wonder: For who's Treacherous
That wants not Eyes to ſee it's ugly Form?
For now I fear, and I believe not vainly,
That Villain, *Jaſper*, knows all my concerns,
Or what could prompt him to that Impudence
He did expreſs in his addreſs to day.

Enter Nurſe.

Thou fatal Hagg, thou Mother of all miſchief,
What Devil taught thy perjur'd Tongue the way
To tell the ſhame which thou didſt firſt occaſion?

Nurſe. Pray what ayls you, Madam, are you mad?

Eug. I wiſh I was, as I have cauſe enough,
For then I ſhould not know the ſhame attends me,
In being Table-talk for every Raſcal,
As thou (Hell thank thee for it) now haſt made me.

Nurſe. I made you Table-talk! There's no ſuch thing;
I've been too faithful to you, that I have;
Loſing my ſleep full oft to watch your pleaſure.
And is this all I get? It is no matter, I
Shall be even with you.

Eug. Threaten on (for thou haſt Acted all thy threats, Imp)
In letting *Jaſper* know my ſhame and folly.

Nurſe. *Jaſper* knows nothing, that he does not, from me,
And I will ask him; 'fore your face, I will,
If I e're ſaid *Franciſco* lay with you.

Eug. 'Tis plain, thy guilt tranſported thee to madneſs,
Elſe thou wouldſt never make thy Tongue a Herauld
So loud, for to proclaim to all the Houſe
The Action you'd perſwade me ſtill is ſecret.

Nurſe. If

Nurſe. If you talk lowd your ſelf, why may not I?
But I'le bring *Jaſper* to you ſhall deny all.

Eug. What miſchief upon miſchief ſhe deſigns?
Doſt think, like thine, my Modeſty is gone?
To have this argu'd out before my face
And ſuch a Villaine y? ——

Nurſe. A Villain, ſay you?
No Villain neither, I wou'd have you know;
No more then is *Franciſco*: pick that bone,
Or if you will, I'le bid *Gerardo* do it.
Dee' think to rail at me? Is that my thanks?

Eug. My feares I ſee will force me to diſſemble;
Nurſe, I but try'd thy patience; I believe
Thou would'ſt not tell that ſecret for the world;
No, tho' it were to *Jaſper*.

Nurſe. *Jaſper*'s an honeſt fellow, and no Villain;
And did he know a ſecret, he could keep it.

Eug. But have you told it then?

Nurſe. No matter what I've done, I will not tell you,
Becauſe you vext and rated at me ſo.

Eug. Well, Nurſe, I did believe you lov'd me better. [*weeps.*
And wou'd truſt me with any thing you did,
But I perceive your kindneſs all for *Jaſper*.

Nurſe. I love *Jaſper* well, and love you too,
And you ſhall have no wrong I warrant you.

Eug. The thing is plain, I need nor ask no further.
But where's the remedy? Nurſe, prethee tell me,
What did *Franciſco* ſay unto my meſſage?

Nurſe. I, there's a buſ'neſs now worth asking for.
He ſayes, he's glad you'l condeſcend to meet;
Nay, he's a glad man, I'le tell you that, i'faith;
He bid me ſay, you were a gallant Girle,
So to Revenge his quarrel on *Gerardo*.

Eug. *Gerardo*, ſaid you! O thy mouth's a Sieve!
There's not a ſecret thou canſt keep a moment;
Did I not charge thee not to name *Gerardo*,
Till I ſhould ſpeak of it my ſelf to him?

Nay,

Nay, 'tis the greateſt motive makes me meet him,
For to prevent the miſchiefs elſe may follow;
Well, I am curſt for ſin, and thou art made
The cauſe o'th' ſin, and curſe that does attend it.
Nur. What, are you got to railing again for nothing?
Pray who has moſt diſcretion to tell a bus'neſs,
You, or I? But you, forſooth, are grown ſo proud of late
Becauſe you hope to Marry *Don Gerardo*;
That there's no ſpeaking to you: Marry gip.
'Faith I ſhall ſpoil your Market. [*Exit.*
Eug. Do thy worſt (for I am reſolv'd to ſuffer once for all)
Death would be better then this Slavery,
And that's the worſt can happen
Should ſhe tell my Brother, or *Gerardo*, my whole ſtory;
That's dying once, but I by fear thus fool'd,
Do hourly dye, ſince ſtill I Death behold. [*Exit.*

Enter Jaſper *and* Antonio.

Jaſp. My Lord, I'm confident this is the Houſe,
Wherein the Woman Lives I told you of.
Anto. Knock then; and if ſhe comes, do you ſpeak to her,
I'le ſtand aloof a while, and hear you talk. [Jaſper *knocks.*

Enter Witch with a block Rod, which ſhe turns over her Head, whilſt Jaſper *makes a private ſign of his Lord's being there.*

Jaſp. Hail, Reverend Mother; I ſuppoſe you are
That famous Artiſt who Commands this Houſe,
Which if you be, with confidence I beg,
You would reſolve ſome Quſtions I ſhould ask;
Which if you pleaſe to do, my gratitude
Shall be proportion'd to the kindneſs done.
Witch. What prating Fellow's here? Your Lord *Antonio*
Need not to doubt my Art, or if he did,
He might have ſent ſome wiſer Man to try me.
Come, come, my Lord,
I am no Cheating Chymiſt, that requires
A Faith in Fools to make his work ſucceſsful.
No, no, my Power is boundleſs, I can ſearch
The ſecrets of your Soul, and when I've done,

Solve

Solve all the doubts that there possess your mind;
That Women should be Women, is no wonder.
Anto. But that Women should turn Devils, is.
Witch. No, no, my Lord, I am no Devil neither.
Anto. Mother! I meant not you, when I said so.
Witch. Son, Son, excuse it not, you have no cause
To love us Women much, and I'm not angry
At what you said, though I know what you meant.
Ant. Then, Mother, by these Powers you practice by,
I do Conjure you, shew me all the truth
Of what you know concerns my coming hither.
Witch. Come, enter in, my Lord, and nothing fear;
There's not a doubt of yours but shall be clear.
I've sent a Spirit out, who will e're long,
Bring all the Names of those have done you wrong.

[*Ex. and return.*

Enter Antonio, Jasper, *and Witch, as in the House; in the Scenes a Chair, by which* Jasper *stands, and Witch goes round.*

Witch. Sit in this Chair, my Lord, whilst I do draw
A Sacred Line, which shall the Spirits aw.
About, about, I tread a Round,
Where I tread is Sacred Ground.
Thus and thus the Air I charm,
To keep my Circle free from harm;
Thus I sprinkle Water pure,
And by it all the Charm secure;
The Spirits that fiery are dare not come near us,
Earth, Air, and Water do make e'm to fear us.
Then boldly sit, boldly see, boldly despise
What Spirits soever do happen to rise.

Witch sings.

Rise, arise, arise, rise and come away,
My little pretty Spirit Puncula:
What, not appear at thy Mistresses call,
I'le surely torment thee; thou shalt not suck at all.
Arise then, I say ——

[*Spirit within sings.*

Spir. I

Spir. *I come, I come away,*
The wind it blows hard, and forces me aſtray.
witch. Let's wait a little, he'l appear, my Lord.
Anto. Fear ſeizes me ſo faſt, that all my Spirits
Retire, and leave an Ague in my Joynts.
Enter a Spirit.
witch. Come, have you done
What I gave you in charge,
If you have, I command you to tell it at large.
Spirit ſings. *As you bid, I did go to the Caverns below*
Where the Spirits Inhabit that Govern the Wind.
And though in their motions they be,
And ſee
Far, far quicker than we,
Yet no Intelligence there I could find.
From thence, like Lightning, I ſhot to the Pole,
Where at a hole
I glided to the Region of the Air:
But the Spirits above
Do Mankind ſo love,
That they drove me from them with deſpair.
From thence, in a moment, to Ætna I came,
Where the Spirits of fire that Inhabit that flame:
Told me, all that I ſought for they knew;
Though to Spirits of Earth,
As I am by Birth;
They'd not tell it; yet hither they flew.
And hereabouts they ſtay, till you pray,
And attone them with Offerings to tell your deſire;
For theſe from of Old
Have been Lovers of Gold,
The Mettles being Govern'd by Spirits of fire. [*Exit.*
witch. It's neceſſary, Son, you throw them ſomething,
For o're theſe Spirits I have no Command.
Anto. Oh, any thing; take this and throw it them;
But do releaſe me of the fear I'm in,
And quickly ſolve my doubts, take all I have.

Witch. There is Gold, there is Gold to you Spirits of fire;
He does willingly offer what you do desire.

Enter first Spirit, second Spirit Ascends. After some flashes of fire they sing.

1. Spir. *what Spirit did* Lewis *attend?*
2. Spir. *It was I.*
1. Spir. *Declare to that Lord what you know.*
2. Spir. *I need not, the cause he did dye*
Was that truth to him known long ago.
Chor. *He's dead, he's dead, he's dead, and now*
For hot desires,
In endless fires
Must Live, must now for ever Live with us below.
Chor. *He's dead, he's dead,* &c.

Anto. Horrid and wonderful.
1. Spir. *Who all* Cælia's *Crimes does know?*
2. Spir. *It is I, but must not shew*
All her ill,
For I will [Third Spirit Ascends.
Fit her better e're she go
To her Paramour below.
3. Spir. *But I that* Francisco *attend,*
Can declare,
That he as a Friend
To Don Lewis *doth share*
I'th' stolen Embraces of Cælia's *sweet Arms;*
They kiss and lye down,
Then Lewis *bemoan,*
Thus with thoughts of Revenge they double Loves Charms.
Chor. *They kiss and lye,* &c.

Anto. Thus I have warm'd a Viper in my bosom,
That wanted only heat enough to sting me,
And give me Death it self.
1. Spir. *After him can* Pedro *stay til't be day;*
Thus they sport the Night away,
Flora *watching whilst they do*
Laugh at you,
Saying, where's the Cuckold now?

1. Spir. *They*

1. Spir. *They ſport.*
2. Spir. *They laugh.*
3. Spir. *They kiſs and play,*
Till your return, doth make e'm mourn,
And ſpoils their Holy-day.
Chor. *Thus they will do untill they dye,*
When we in Hell, ſhall think it well
To have their pleaſant Company. [They Deſcend.

Anto. And that ſhall be this Night; make ready then
Fires that may fit ſo brave a pack of Letchers;
If you delight in Offerings; and for Gold
Can but increaſe their Torments, I will ſell
All my Eſtate to turn it into that,
Daily to add more fewel to their flames.
Let Fools that ſpend their Wealth on Prieſts for Prayers,
Be Cheated ſtill, I'le take a ſurer way,
Torments for Souls are penny-worths I'le buy,
And there is Reaſon in it; for 'tis likely
Hell may take Bribes, when ſurely Heav'n won't.
Oh Excellent project! Is't not a good one, *Jaſper?*
By Hell it ſelf, this Night Hell hath e'm all.

Witch. Your Lordſhip's much diſturb'd, I by my Art
Will cauſe the Air to give a Melody,
So to compoſe your Spirits to themſelves.

She waves her ſtick. Muſick and an Antick Dance of Devils handing the Purſe (Antonio threw) to one another, towards the Cloſe of which a noiſe without makes both Muſick and Dance ſtop: But beginning again, a noiſe within makes e'm flye. The Witch trembles.

within. Break op'e the doors, nay, ſure enough they're here.

Anto. By Heav'n ſome Cheat, for theſe can be no Devils,
I'le follow e'm, and ſee —— [*Draws his Sword.*

Jaſp. It is ſome trick to draw you from the Circle. [Jaſp. *holds him.*

Anto. Be what it will, Death cannot make me worſe;
Unhand me then, or I will ſheath this in you. [*Exit.*

Witch. O, we're undone, the Officers will enter, [*Noiſe continues.*
And my Lord will ſee the holes they creep into,

And so discover them, then we shall all be hang'd.
I'le tell my Lord the truth of all the Cheat,
And that way save my Life.

Jasp. What's that? No stratagem to help it?
Have you no hole near us, Aunt?

Witch. Yes, here is one, but should we go into't,
The other taken once, will soon betray us.

Jasp. I'le hazzard that, rather then certain Death.
And therefore to save one, I'le hide you there. [*Kills her.*

Witch. O thou ungrateful Dog, dost kill me for my Love?

Jasp. No muttering, Aunt, dye quietly, and lye as
Quietly; 'tis the greatest kindness you can
Do me: So, now a ready lye clears all I hope.

Runs her through often, then throws her into the hole, she show'd him, then lyes down and trembles.

Enter Antonio.

Anto. The Officers entring, they all vanish'd.

Jasp. The last is well.

Anto. Where's the Witch? What makes you tremble so?

Jasp. O, do not take me too, good Devil, do not.

Anto. What ayls the Fellow? *Jasper*, don't you know me?

Jasp. Alas, is't you, my Lord?

Anto. Ay, where's the Witch?

Jasp. She got upon a fiery Dragons back,
And mounted like a Rocket through the Air,
Leaving me half distracted.

Anto. 'Tis strange and wonderful. [*Enter Captain and Watch.*

1. *VVatch.* Here's two of them.

Capt. My Lord *Antonio*! 'Tis strange to meet you thus
In a suspitious House so late in the Evening.

Anto. Riding by the River side to take the Air,
My Horse threw me, which made me see
For some convenient House to rest a while,
And met with this, wherein I have slept this hour,
And I believe had done so longer yet,
Had not your noise awak'd me.

Capt. My Lord, I've no Commission to enquire
Into Persons bus'ness of your eminent Rank;
It is for other Men that I search now,

Some

Some half a score the most notorious Rogues
About the Town were seen to enter here.
Saw you none such, my Lord?
Anto. No, on my Honour;
For since I enter'd here, no human shape
Was seen by me, but one Old wither'd Woman;
And where she's gone, I know not.
Capt. My Lord, that Woman is the greatest Cheat
About the Town; the simple think her a Witch;
But I can witness for her she is none;
My Lord, you'l pardon me, if I search for her.
Anto. With all my heart: Pray find her if you can;
'Twas my misfortune doubled to light here.
Capt. It might have prov'd so:
Search the House. [*Exit Watch.*
I'le tell your Lordship what I know of her.
Walking my Round one Night, who should I meet,
But (as I thought) two Devils, by their shapes;
An Old one, and a Young one, so they seem'd:
At first the sight amaz'd me, but at last
My Reason telling me, if they were Spirits,
The mischief they intended they might do,
Though I should run away: I bid my Guard
Stand, whilst my self advanc'd near these shapes,
Which as I did, the little Devil fled, th' other seem'd
To turn it's Eyes to fire, and glare upon me;
I still advanc'd, Arm'd with my former thoughts,
And as I nearer came, the fire grew duller,
Yet still it stood, for truly it could not run,
Proving, when I laid hold on't, this Old Woman,
Cas'd in a Leopard's skin; the fiery Eyes
Prov'd but two Lobster-shells: So she confessing,
That for a Living she did use these Cheats,
Helping poor People to their stolen Goods,
In Devils shapes to countenance the Trade.
And that the other was a little Boy,
Train'd up as her Familiar, whom she producing,

I only threaten'd them, and let them go.

Anto. A ſubtle Cheat it was, and very likely,
And you deſerv'd Reward that did detect it.

Jaſp. A Halter it ſhould be, were I to give it. [*Aſide.*

Enter the Watch with one of the Devils Remarkable Habits, and a Viol.

1. *Watch.* We've ſearch'd ſufficiently, but all we find
Is a poor Devils skin, and a baſe Viol.

Capt. I, this is like the other, I'm glad 'twas found,
'Twill prove the ſtory true I told your Lordſhip.

Anto. It does, to my amazement.

Capt. I'm glad it was my hap to meet you here,
Your Lordſhip might have got ſome miſchief elſe.

Anto. I might indeed, and I'm beholding to you:
And, Captain, take my word, I'le ſpeak your worth
To the Vice-Roy, who is my Kinſman,
And will take care for to advance your merit.

Capt. In that you'l bind my Service: Yet, my Lord,
Shall I not wait your Lordſhip to your Houſe?

Anto. No, 'twill be wonder'd at, beſides, I've Horſes here.

Capt. Then Health and a good Night attend your Lordſhip.

Anto. I thank you, Captain; here, Watch, there's ſome-
Thing for you.

1. *Watch.* Bleſs your Noble Lordſhip. [*Ex. Capt. and Watch.*

Anto. Jaſper! Did you hear this?

Jaſp. Ay, my good Lord, and wonder at it too;
But I do ſtill believe ſhe is a Witch, and only
Did pretend ſuch things to the Captain,
To ſave a Burning from th' Inquiſition.

Anto. Fetch our Horſes. [*Exit Jaſper.*
I do obſerve this Rogue
Strangely to be amaz'd, what e'r's the matter;
I do believe that this was all ſome Cheat.
Yet how could that be too, who could Name *Lewis*.
But I am mad to be deluded thus!
For now I think on't better; in my Paſſion
I hinted *Lewis* as a proof for all;

And

And then this Rogue ſtood by —— Ay, there it is —
He's a Confederate, and contriv'd all this,
To be Reveng'd, but I'le diſſemble yet,
And trace his miſchiefs further, then I'le kill him,
And ſtop his mouth from publiſhing my folly:
Had not this Accident ſo ſtrangely happen'd,
What miſchief had I done before the Morning:
I'le put him to his Tryal in the Garden,
Which if he fail in, there ſhall end his Life,
And he'l deſerve it too, when miſchiefs tend
To ſuch a height, they muſt in miſchief end.
He that contriv'd ſo many to deſtroy,
Will ſcarce be puniſh'd if he barely dye,
Therefore his Villany ſhall further ſwell,
When'ts at the height I'le Lanch his Soul to hell. [*Exit.*

Enter Franciſco *and* Sebaſtian.

Sebaſt. Couzen, believe me, I am loath to go,
And I could likewiſe wiſh that you were ſo:
Oft have I fear'd the danger when I went,
Yet dreaded more the ſin then puniſhment.
For I conſider'd, ſhould I then be ſlain,
That Death would but begin an endleſs pain;
Then pardon me, though I could well obey
All Friendſhips Laws, I dare not do't this way.

Fran. Sure Couzen, you are ſick, or lately have
Had melancholy thoughts about a Grave:
Is this *Sebaſtian*, he, whoſe ready hand
Was quick to Act all Friendſhip did Command?
He, who no ſooner heard *Franciſco* ſay,
A Danger's there, but made that ſtrait his way,
And now he's turn'd my Ghoſtly Father ſure.

Sebaſt. I would, ſo I might make a Ghoſtly Cure.
Franciſco, thou art ſick, and ſo am I;
Sick at our Souls, and ſhou'd we chance to dye
E're our Diſeaſe was Cur'd, 'tis ten to one,
We ſhould in an Eternal Feaver groan.

Fran. Come,

Fran. Come, prethee say no more, 'tis ominous,
I wonder much what 'tis shou'd make thee thus.
Come, you must go this Night: I'le tell you why,
'Twill be the last, for she's to Marry,
To Marry *Don Gerardo*! O 'tis rare,
I am Reveng'd to th' purpose.

Sebast. Sure you are
Turn'd Coward, or you ne're wou'd glory in
Revenge so base, this doubles all your sin.
Gerardo's brave, and sure all Honour bleeds,
When such are Wounded by Ignoble deeds.
It is the Curse of Man, that he must be
Subject to shame by Womens Levity;
But hold, I wrong *Eugenia*, if I blame
Her, and not you alone, for all her shame.
You Rob'd her of her Chastity by force,
Though fear of shame still kept her from Remorse.

Fran. Pish! Force! That was her policy to you,
She did no more then what all Women do,
Seem to resist what they do most desire,
To raise the flame, yet seem to cool the fire;
Believe this Truth, *Sebastian*, Women can
Resist it, and perform it more then Man.

Sebast. Thus like the Devils we at first betray
Their Innocence, then blame on them we lay;
As if their guilt cou'd have another cause
Then that which it from our Temptation draws.

Fran. Let it be so, I'le not dispute it now;
It grows too near the time that I should go,
And though my Actions do so much offend,
I will not doubt to find another Friend.

Sebast. Do you so little prize *Eugenia's* Fame,
That you can suffer more to know her shame?

Fran. Sebastian, you mistake, I do not go
This Night on the same terms I us'd to do.
No, 'tis to take my leave, for she does vow
In spight of fear she is turn'd vertuous now.

Sebast. Nay,

Sebaſt. Nay, then I'le go my ſelf, happen what will,
For it is only dang'rous to do ill;
My Company her Vertue may protect,
And I ſhould ſin, if that I did neglect.
Fran. That ſhall not need, for I'm reſolv'd to ſpeak
Nothing that may her Reſolution break.
Sebaſt. Go boldly then, for in a cauſe ſo good
He's more then Coward fears to ſhed his Blood;
And though I think *Antonio* would be glad
That he our Lives at ſuch advantage had;
Yet I this Night durſt boldly meet him there,
Since in my Breaſt ſuch Innocence I wear;
By this ſecurity I plainly feel
'Tis guilt that wounds us deeper far then ſteel. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cælia *and* Eugenia.

Cæl. Blame not my Husband, Siſter, 'twas my fault,
I ſtrove 'gainſt Reaſon to oppoſe his Will.
Had I forborn my importunity,
'Tis ten to one he had not been ſo wilful;
Husband's prerogatives are abſolute,
Their wills we muſt obey, and not diſpute.
Eug. I beg his Pardon, if I think amiſs,
But I believe there's ſome deſign in this;
His Eyes ſhew'd more of Anger then could be
A bare concern for's Friend's Infirmity.
Cæl. I will no cenſure on his Actions lay,
My Duty is for their ſucceſs to pray.

Enter Don Gerardo.

Ger. Your Servant, Ladies, where is *Don Antonio*?
Cæl. Why, at *Don Johns*, my Lord, do not you know it?
Ger. Then he is not come back, as I had thought.
Cæl. My Lord, why thought you ſo?
Ger. Madam, I did not know but that he might,
Since 'tis not five hours bus'neſs to Ride thither,
And to return again; but, Madam, pray
How came the Lord *Franciſco* to be here?
I think he does not uſe it.

Eug. *Franciſco*! O my fears!
Cæl. No ſure, my Lord, he ne're came within theſe doors
Since my good Father dy'd.
Ger. Sure I'm miſtaken, Madam, if I did not
Meet him juſt now as he came forth this Room:
And more, he ſhak'd his head in Anger at me.
Cæl. I'm ſure, my Lord, you're miſtaken much,
For you're the firſt that enter'd here but us.
Ger. It may be I'm miſtaken.
Cæl. Yes, ſure, my Lord, you are.
Ger. Madam, if your Commands [*To* Eugenia.
Extend to any thing within my pow'r, pray name it,
I ſhall be proud to ſerve you; elſe I'm gone,
For I have certain bus'neſs does require it.
Eug. The greateſt Service you can do to me,
Is to be careful of your ſelf, my Lord:
Ger. This kindneſs doth oblige me, pardon my haſte,
Good Night, and Reſt unto your Ladyſhips. [*Exit.*
Cæl. Good Night, my Lord;
Flora is ſo poſſeſt her Dream is true,
She dare not venture in that Room again.
Eug. She is not ſuch a Fool, ſure.
Cæl. Well, Siſter, I am not well, and will to Bed;
The Nurſe will wait on you, I'le ſend her to you.
Come, *Flora*, go with me. [*Ex.* Cæl. *and* Flora.
Eug. Madam, good Reſt unto you.
This I can wiſh to her, whilſt I muſt want it:
Gerardo ſure has ſome Intelligence
Of *Don Franciſco*'s coming to me;
Or elſe why Nam'd he him, for well he knows
He never us'd to make a Viſit here:
Well, if he does, I cannot help it now.
The time draws nigh,
That I muſt meet *Franciſco*! Oh, that word
Gives heavineſs a new unto my Soul,
And makes my thoughts run backwards,
The Accidents oth' day ſeems Ominous

To all the Houſe, but moſt of all to me,
My guilty Breaſt feels moſt of miſery.
This time will quickly over, then I ſhall
See what they tend to, or not ſee at all.
" There's comfort yet, that miſeries at height
" Loſe their firſt property, which is to fright. [*Exit.*

The End of the Third Act.

Act the Fourth.

Cælia *on a Couch,* Flora *by her.*

Cæl. FLora, I cannot ſleep, for all my thoughts
Infected with my griefs, flye up and down,
Collecting only things to keep me waking.
Flo. I'le not ſtir from you, Madam, 'all this Night.
Cæl. Flora, thy diligence deſerves Reward,
And I'le not long be backward for to thank thee.
But prethee ſing that Song I love ſo well,
That harmony, perhaps, will Charm my cares,
And give my ſenſes Reſt.

The Song.

I.

Flor. ſings. *AH, Choridon, in vain you boaſt,*
You ſtill do Cloris *Love;*
For better 'tis your heart were loſt,
Then thus ſuſpitious prove:
You then would kill me by diſdain,
But dying thus you blot my Name.

For all will say
Cloris *was false, and went astray;*
Cloris *was false, and did deserve her shame.*

2.

For happy Shepherd, well you know,
Your Fame does mine excell;
All Gen'rous Choridons *do know,*
But none my Tale can tell:
Cloris, *though true, must lose that Name,*
But Choridon *will keep his Fame;*
For all will say
Cloris *was false, and went astray,*
Cloris *was false, and did deserve her shame.*

3.

But Cruel Shepherd, when you hear
That I am dead indeed,
I do believe you'l shed a tear,
Though now you have decreed,
That Cloris *true must lose that Name,*
For Choridon *to keep his Fame;*
And then you'l say
Cloris *was true, and e're did stray;*
Cloris *was true, and I deserve her shame.*

Flora. She's faln asleep, may none but happy Dreams Possess her Fancy. [*The Scene shuts.*

Enter Antonio *and* Jasper *in the Garden.*

Anto. Your confidence in this doth much amaze me.

Jasp. Sir, still I'le pawn my Life, that what I said,
Appears e're long a truth Infallible,
And your own Eyes will bear me witness of it.

Anto. Well, pitch upon a private stand for us,
That you know most convenient. [*Ex.* Jasp.
Strange it is,
If this should prove a falshood after this;
I've threaten'd him with Death upon the failer;
Yet still he has persisted to affirm it,
Besides, I climb'd the Garden Wall before him,

And

And that way gave him time for his eſcape,
If he'd deſign to make it: Theſe Circumſtances
Do half perſwade 'tis true. Oh, apprehenſion!
So terrible the conſequence appears,
It makes my brain turn round, and Night ſeem darker.
The Moon begins to drown her ſelf in Clouds,
Leaving a duskiſh horror every where,
My ſickly fancy makes the Garden ſeem
Like thoſe benighted Groves in *Pluto's* Kingdoms,
Which Poets fancy that the damn'd Inhabit.

Jaſp. My Lord, my Lord. [*Enter* Jaſper.

Anto. What now?

Jaſp. The Garden Door juſt opens, ſtep this way, leſt
You be ſeen. [*They ſtand cloſe.*

Enter Franciſco *and* Sebaſtian.

Fran. 'Tis hardly late enough, we'l ſtay a little,
For I perceive no light i'th' uſual Window.

Sebaſt. But are you confident *Antonio's* abſent?

Fran. I'm told for certain that he went from home
To ſee *Don John Valaſco*, who is ſick.

Sebaſt. Nay, then with ſafety we may walk a turn,
Though I confeſs, do what I can, my fears
Surmount my Reaſon, and perſwades there's danger.

Fran. A hundred times I've paſt it in as much,
Yet then with confidence you ſlighted all;
Prethee forbear to urge them any more;
I'm half turn'd Coward with your fears already.

Sebaſt. Let's take a turn then further from the Houſe,
And by ſome other talk divert our thoughts. [*Exeunt.*

Anto. Jaſper, I find thy Informations true,
Thus far at leaſt; theſe are my Wife's kind Couzens.
Hell rid e'm from the World.

Jaſp. A hundred times they had been here before
In as much danger: Mark you that, my Lord?

Anto. I, and his Soul retorted back the Lye,
For they in all their Lives ne're knew a danger
Equal to that they're near: Heark! how the Owl

ſummons

Summons their Souls to take a flight with her,
Where they shall be Eternally benighted:
Now I again believe it was a Witch;
For here me-thinks I see a thousand Devils
Waiting in the Air with fire-forks in their hands,
Just as our City Serjeants wait with Maces,
To toss their Souls to their Eternal Prison;
Look there, that flash of Lightning does confirm it.
Nay, do but stay a little, you shall have all.
All, all; not a Soul of e'm shall escape this Night.
No, no, 'twill spoil good Company to part them.
But hold, a Light appears, draw back to cover. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Francisco *and* Sebastian.

Sebast. The Light is there, make haste and give the sign.
} Francisco *strikes a Key upon his Sword;*
} Eugenia *appears above in* Cælia's *Gown.*

Eug. Who's there, *Francisco*?

Fran. The same, and would desire your Company below.

Eug. This distance fits us better! Oh, *Francisco*,
Had we but alwayes kept it, I had been
A spotless Off'ring to my Bridal Bed,
But now must cloud my Marriage Joys with shame,
And fear of what will follow.

Fran. Pray descend, this distance is not safe,
The Family may chance o're hear our words.

Eug. I've more cause, should I come down,
You would attempt my strength, and Argument
To violate my Vows, as first you did
My Virgin-Honour.

Fran. No, upon my Life, do but descend,
And may the Heav'ns pour all their Vengeance on me
If I do attempt you with a sillable
To break your Resolution.

Eug. Is any with you?

Fran. Yes, my Friend, *Sebastian.*

Eug. Let him speak, then.

Sebast. Madam,

Sebaſt. Madam, upon my Life, I will ſecure you,
And glory I have ſo much cauſe to do it.
Eug. Your Virtue I rely on for my ſafety. { *She takes the Ligh from above.*
Enter Antonio *and* Jaſper.
Anto. I cannot hear their words, yet I'm ſure
It's *Cælia's* there, her Habit tells me that.
Let's draw a little nearer.
Sebaſt. Look there, *Franciſco*, are not thoſe two Men
Are creeping there?
Fran. 'Tis ſo, let's ſlip aſide. [*Ex.* Fran. *and* Sebaſtian.
Enter Eugenia *below.*
Eug. Where are you, Couzen *Franciſco*? Are you there?
Anto. I, here, here, perfidious Woman. [*Stabs her, ſhe falls.*
Eug. Oh, *Franciſco*, 'tis an inhuman deed, [*Ex.* Ant. Jaſp.
To kill me thus, 'cauſe I would ſin no longer,
But thou haſt kept thy word, and took thy leave.
As I muſt now, of all the World, and thee —— oh, oh ——
Enter Gerardo *and Servant.*
Ger. Pray Heav'n I be'n't too late, the Garden door
So open makes me wonder: Heard you no groans?
Serv. I think I did, my Lord; heark, Sir again.
Eug. Oh, oh; I fain would live a little longer,
If but to ask forgiveneſs of *Gerardo*,
My Soul will ſcarce reach Heav'n without his Pardon.
Ger. Who's that wou'd go to Heav'n, and wants my Pardon?
Take it, what e're thou art, and mayſt thou be
Happy in Death, what e're thou didſt deſign.
Eug. Is that *Gerardo's* Voyce? Sure loſs of Blood
Doth make my fancy Idle: Is't *Gerardo?*
Ger. Thou greateſt Bleſſing of my Soul, it is.
Eug. No, no, my Lord, you will abhor my Name,
When I ſhall tell the ſtory made me thus.
Ger. Heav'n knows I ſooner ſhould abhor my Life:
But tell me the Author of this horrid miſchief,
That I may flye as quick to my Revenge,
As theſe ſad thoughts do ſeize upon thy Soul.
Eug. When you ſhall hear my ſtory, your Revenge

Will,

Will, as I fear, vent againſt me in Curſes.

Ger. Were thy Crimes great as theirs that left thee thus,
By all thy Virgin hopes I would not Curſe thee.

Eug. My Lord, that's it you are deceiv'd in.

Ger. Nay, now thou rav'ſt -- help me to bend her body
Her loſs of Blood will keep her ſtory from me;
And I ſhall Live i'th' dark, and ne're Revenge her.

Eug. Alas, my Lord, my Couzen, baſe *Franciſco*,
Being let in by my accurſed Nurſe,
Came to my bed, and there by force and ſtrength obtain'd
His hated ends.

Ger. Oh, damn'd Villain, he ſhall not long ſurvive
To boaſt of it.

Eug. Had I ſtaid there, and not conſented further,
I ſhould have needed pity, and not pardon.

Ger. Tell all the reſt, for this is ſo ſurprizing,
I'd fain perſwade my ſelf it was a Dream.

Eug. After this Fatal loſs, a ſhame ſucceeded,
Shame that produc'd fear; infus'd by threats
Urg'd both by him and her, wherein they ſaid,
If I refus'd to grant that willingly,
Which he at firſt did force, they would declare
The Action to the World, ſo to diſgrace me.

Ger. O that old wrinkl'd Hag! that ſhe ſhould plot this.

Eug. What will not wicked Age effect for Gold?
But they at laſt made fear or'e-come my Vertue,
And I by that made all their guilt my own,
Meeting him here ſtill when he did appoint.

Ger. Well, this confeſt, how came you by theſe Wounds?

Eug. My Lord, *Franciſco* did entreat my Company
This Night; when as I enter'd,
Without a word, but here, perfidious Woman,
He ſtab'd me in the Breaſt, and left me thus.

Ger. Hadſt thou been dead, and Angels told the ſtory,
I ſhould have thought, in Envy of thy worth,
They had invented it, and ne're believ'd it.

Eug. I have no breath to tell you; oh, my Lord,

I do forget, they still are in the Garden ——
Have a care of —— [*Dyes.*

Ger. Have a care of what? Oh, speak, *Eugenia*, speak.
She's gone, she's gone; and could not tell her mind:
What is't I must have a care on! O some Angel
That waits to shew her Soul the way to Heav'n,
Come back and tell me, what it was she meant:
Was it her Reputation she took care of?
No, no, that cannot be, had it been that,
She might have kept the story to her self:
And there been Canoniz'd: Was it of me
She did express her care? If so, 'twas needless;
For he that lets me Live to kill *Francisco*,
Though he does so by me, when that is done,
Shall have my thanks and Prayers i'th' other World;
But stay, they're in the Garden, I'le go look e'm,
" For if Revenge so just I do delay,
" I shall deserve Heav'ns Vengeance for the stay. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Francisco *and* Sebastian.

Fran. Who should they be I wonder talk'd so long?
Sebast. Sure, when she found us not, she would retire.
Fran. No doubt on't; yet I am not satisfy'd what two
Those were, and why they staid so long.
Could your Ear reach to understand their words?
Sebast. No, not a syllable more then a humming noise.
Fran. Nor mine; but now they're gone, let's walk that way,
'Twill be the best to miss them.
Sebast. Content. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Gerardo *and Servant.*

Ger. It is in vain to look e'm if they hide,
The Garden's large; besides perhaps they're gone;
We'l to the Body.
Serv. You're by it now, my Lord.
Ger. This Accident amazes me so much,
I go I know not where.

Enter Francisco *and* Sebastian.

Serv. See there, my Lord, two Men.

Fran. W'are pretty near the Window, there's no Light.

Ger. Have at thy heart, *Francisco*, [Ger. *and Servant draw.*
This Token from *Eugenia*.

Fran. Nay, then, at thine: Be whom thou wilt, that Name
Tells me thou'rt no Friend.

Sebast. Courage, *Sebastian's* by thee. } *They Fight, the Servant shoots* Sebastian *just as* Francisco *runs* Gerardo *through, which pursuing, Servant kills him too.*
My fears are come about, for I am kill'd;
Francisco, fare thee well. [*Dyes.*]

Fran. 'Tis double Death to see my Friend dye thus.
Was't not enough, you Fates, to take my Life,
But I must guilty be of murd'ring him.

Serv. My Lord, how do you?

Ger. Making what haste I can to meet *Eugenia*.

Serv. O me! Unfortunate!

Ger. Bewail me not; Death is a pleasure to me,
Since I can see *Francisco* lye there by me;
But ask him e're I dye,
What made him kill *Eugenia*?

Fran. What, is *Eugenia* Dead?

Ger. Why seems it strange to thee, who basely hast
First Rob'd her of her Honour, then of Life.

Fran. Gerardo, it was cruelty to kill her, being as
Yet she had not done thee wrong, and dying,
I rejoyce I have Reveng'd her.

Ger. Francisco, sure thy Crimes have made thee Devil,
Or thou would'st ne're transfer thy Treachery
By murd'ring her, and place it thus on me.

Fran. May I reach Heav'n as I'm Innocent
Of any Death but yours: Which if a guilt
Forgive me Heav'n and you as —— [*Dyes.*

Serv. He's dead, my Lord.

Ger. With such a Lye in's mouth;
O Heavenly Angels lead me not this way,
For he must alwayes walk i'th' paths of falsehood;
Remove me nearer to *Eugenia's* Body;

My Spirits faint apace, and I muſt follow:
One word, and then farewell;
I have no time for to Reward thy care:
Here, take this Ring, and give it to my Brother,
He left it with me when he went to Travel;
Tell him I ſtill preſerv'd it for his ſake,
A faithful pledge of our United Friendſhip.
Bid him, that by this Token he believes
Three words I left within my Cabinet
Concerning thee this Evening: He will do it,
And uſe thee as a Friend, as I have done.

Serv. I'le bear the Ring, but not the Meſſage, Sir;
I ne're will ſeek for Friends when you are gone.

Ger. I do conjure thee do it: Tell our ſtory too
As true as is thy ſelf: But have a care,
Wound not *Eugenia*'s Fame more then muſt needs.
Franciſco's and *Eugenia*'s dying words
Will make it ſtrangely dark, as 'tis to me,
But I muſt leave it ſo!
Give me thy hand, commend me to *Antonio*;
Alas! I had forgot him, pray Heav'n his ſtory
Produce no further miſchief; tell *Celia* nothing
Befor't be day: Bus'neſs comes thronging on me,
But I faint —— make but one Grave, and lay us
In it thus —— Farewell. [*Dyes.*

Serv. Now dyes the juſteſt Man the Earth contains,
And I would do ſo too, but that I know
Self-murderers ne're muſt keep him Company;
I'le ſet the Bodies up againſt the Wall,
And call the Watch; what if they ſay I'm guilty,
And make my Life to anſwer all theſe Deaths:
Why, let e'm do't, for Death would now be well
Since to ſurvive his loſs to me's a Hell. [*Exit.*

Enter Antonio *and* Jaſper.

Jaſp. Come, come, my Lord, the coaſt is quiet now.

Anto. I hope that Piſtol ſav'd our ſwords a labour.

Jaſp. I'm ſure they could not leave the Garden yet,

But we must needs have seem e'm.

Anto. Nay, I'm sure they did not pass the Garden door,
For if they had, we should have stopt their Journey.

Jasp. I think I heard a talking up this way,
After the Pistol made us leave our Post.

Anto. Though I did leave the Door, yet still my Eye
Was bent that way, and I saw none to pass.
But stay, where's *Celia*'s Body?

Jasp. See, my Lord,
There is a Man doth hold her in his Arms.

Anto. It is *Francisco* sure! Have at his heart. [*Runs at* Gerardo.
How's this, not stir! Nay, then he's dead
Already —— the Moon deceives me, or it is *Gerardo*.
Oh Heav'n's! It is my Friend, dead, dead, and stiff,
And my accursed hand hath Wounded him.
This is not *Celia* neither, but *Eugenia* in her Gown!
What strange mistakes are these?

Jasp. But who are here?

Anto. What, more!
By Heav'ns *Francisco* and his Friend *Sebastian*!
Both dead too! Death has had a Feast to Night.
Do not we Dream? As for this Womans Death,
Surely her Fathers Soul did guide my hand
To strike the blow, since needs she must betray
Her Honour to *Francisco*, in these meetings!
But oh, my Sword hath pierc'd my Friend *Gerardo*.
What Fatal Accident mixt his Blood with theirs.
But stay, there's Light appears, slip into the Grotto. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Servant, Captain, and Watch, with two Torches.

Serv. Here is the dismal place I told you of,
And here the Bodies.

Capt. A sight most terrible in time of Peace!
But did *Francisco* still deny her Death?

Serv. To his last moment;
He did confess he had abus'd her,
But would have plac'd her Death upon my Lord.

And ſeem'd as much to wonder we deny'd it
As we that he did ſo.
Capt. What ſaid *Sebaſtian*?
Serv. He ſcarce did ſpeak a word after I ſhot him.
Capt. Had we not beſt to knock, and call *Antonio*?
Serv. He's not at Home.
Capt. Yes, but I'm ſure he is.
Serv. He was not late at Night, for I was there.
Capt. That's ſtrange, for juſt at ſhutting in o'th' Evening
I met him at a Houſe that ſtands i'th' Suburbs,
Saying, he would go Home.
I think however we had beſt to knock.
Serv. My dying Lord made it his laſt deſire,
That *Cælia* might not be diſturb'd this Night.
Capt. Well, take the Bodies up, and keep e'm ſafe,
You ſhall to the Vice-Roy's preſently with me,
I ſcarce perform my truſt, if I detain
The knowledge of ſo ſtrange an Accident
A moment from his Ears, whoſe Wiſdom will
Direct in this, which far exceeds my skill. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antonio *and* Jaſper.

Jaſp. You ſee, my Lord, that I was in the right,
I only ſaid, it was my Ladies Gown,
But never did affirm it was her Perſon.
Anto. And I am glad it is not: Now, if Nurſe
Fails too in her diſcovery, I am ſafe;
For if we keep our Councel, all theſe Deaths
Lye pat amongſt themſelves, and there's not one,
Except *Gerardo*, that I'd wiſh alive;
He was my friend, and it looks Ominous,
That I ſhould Wound him ſo, though after Death:
Jaſper, thy diligence ſhan't want Reward,
But that muſt follow: Come, let's away. [*Exit.*
Jaſp. My Reward follows! I believe it does;
'Faith, my good Lord, be ſure it be a good one,
Or be content to hang for Company;

Now

Now hap what will, I'le rid him with this murther;
Till I do make him ſpend's Eſtate to Bribe me:
" I was his Slave before for fear; but now
" I'le make him mine, ſince I this ſecret know. [*Exit.*

The End of the Fourth *Act.*

Act the Fifth.

Cælia *Diſcover'd in Bed*, Flora *by her.*

Cæl. SUre 'twas a real Piſtol-ſhot that wak'd me,
Yet from a Dream ſo terrible, it did it,
That I had rather never ſleep again,
Then hazzard ſuch another: I thought I ſaw
Lye dead by me,
My Lord *Antonio*, *Don Gerardo*, *Jaſper*,
The Nurſe, *Franciſco*, and the Young *Sebaſtian*,
With *Pedro*, and thy ſelf; this dreadful ſight,
Or elſe the Piſtols noiſe, I ſpoke of, wak'd me,
And made me cry help, help, which frighted thee.
Flor. Why truly, Madam, it was a dreadful Dream,
And I as much was frighted at your call,
Yet, for my own part, I did hear no Piſtol.
Cæl. It may be then, it only was my fancy,
For truly all my Dream ſeems ſtill to me
So like a truth, that I can ſcarce diſtinguiſh
Whether I then did wake, or now am ſleeping;
And but I ſee theſe things, and thee ſo plain,
I ſhould conclude my Dream did ſtill continue.
Flor. Pray Heav'n divert all miſchief from the houſe,
For I have heard it ſaid by Learned Men,

Nay,

Nay, and Religious too, that Dreams like theſe,
That ſtick ſo faſt upon our fancies waking,
Are guided by a power that's more then Chance,
And alwayes are portents of ſomething like them:
I'm ſure, for my own part, do what I can,
That Dream I had will not yet leave my head,
Which makes me think *Jaſper* deſigns me miſchief.

Cæl. *Flora*, you go too far, Dreams are but ſhadows
Reflected from ſome Acts the day preceeding,
As ours are now; for from thoſe Accidents
Of my Lords taking *Jaſper*, the Dream you told,
And *Don Gerardo's* naming of *Franciſco*,
Mine now is formed: Thus they but ſucceed
Things paſt, and not prognoſtick things to come.

Flor. Pray Heav'ns theſe do not do't, but I'm afraid

Enter Nurſe, frighted with Eugenia's *Ghoſt.*

Nurſe. Stand off, ſtand off, what makes you follow me?
I'm ſure I did not kill you, if you're dead,
Or if you be not, why are you ſo pale?——
So, ſo — ſhe's gone — but what made me come hither.

Cæl. What, do you ſtudy wayes to fright me, Nurſe?
It is no proper time to play your tricks.
What makes you up at ſuch a time of Night?
Look, how ſhe ſtands amaz'd, and doth not anſwer;
Think you I take a pleaſure to be frighted?
That you perſiſt in't ſtill?

Flor. What, is the Woman mad, or would be thought ſo?
What makes you ſtand and ſtare thus?

Nurſe. Did you ſee no Body?

Cæl. Who ſhould we ſee but an Old doting fool,
That turn'd a Child again, would Act like one,
And can't find a proper time for't neither.

Flor. What make you up ſo late, Nurſe?

Nurſe. What's that to you? It may be I ſat up
To make my Lady merry with this Jeſt,
But now, forſooth, I'm grown too Old to pleaſe her.
You are her favourite —— what, come again?

O, do not ſtare ſo at me! [*Shreeks.*] [*Exit.*

Cæl. There's ſomething more in this then barely play!
How the Old Woman ſtar'd? ſure ſhe's run mad!
For ſhame, or ſorrow *Jaſper* goes away.
Prethee follow her.

Flor. Since you will have me, Madam, I will do't,
Though I dare ſcarcely venture. [*Exit.*

Cæl. The greateſt Object pity hath, is Age,
When it returns to Childiſhneſs again,
As this Old Woman doth; and though we ſay,
That Age is Honourable, we only mean,
When Gravity and Wiſdom are its marks,
And not gray hairs, and froward peeviſhneſs,
As ten for one, are known by to be Old,
And though we ſee this true, yet we would all
Prolong our time to that decrepid ſtate,
When nothing but contempt can wait upon us;
How ſtrangely ſin daſtards our very Reaſon,
Making that guide us to deſire known ills
Rather then Joys, that promis'd we deſerve not;
For the beſt Men through ſenſe of guilt do fear
To change for unſeen Joys their troubles here. [*Exit.*

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. If this Ghoſt follow ſtill, 'twill make me mad;
For ſure it is a Ghoſt it looks ſo pale;
Ay, and *Eugenia's* Ghoſt, I'm ſure it is;
But who ſhould kill her? May be *Don Franciſco*!
Oh, there it is again —— It's not my fault ——
Oh, do not follow me then: What ſhall I do?
See there again, ſhe points unto her Breaſts ——
It's gone again, I fear 'twill make me mad ——
I'le go to Prayers: But I forget my buſ'neſs,
My Lord will come, and I muſt let him in,
And ſhew him what I promis'd, or he'l kill me.

Enter Flora.

What, come again! Oh, Heav'ns! I'le ſtop my Eyes.

Flor. Nurſe, are you mad?

Nurſe. No,

Nurse. No, you would make me so! But I defie thee ——
Be gone, thou Spirit, i'th' name of Heav'n, be gone.
Flor. Who should be gone?
Nurse. Thou! for thou'rt the Devil. Come not near me.
Flor. My Lady sent me to you ——
Nurse. No, no, she did not, for she lov'd me always,
And would not send the Devil thus to fright me.
Flor. I am no Devil, Nurse, look upon me, I'm *Flora*.
Nurse. Ay, where's the Spirit then I saw just now?
Flor. There was no worser Spirit then my self.
Nurse. No; pray Minx, what makes you follow me?
I'le set you back again i'th' Devils Name,
Come you to spy my Actions.
Flor. No, Nurse, my Lady sent me, don't be angry,
She was afraid that you were running mad.
Nurse. I, mad, it may be so; now I am Old
I must be mad, forsooth; but time has been,
There's ne're a Servant durst have laught at me,
Nor I'le not take it now, no that I won't,
I'le tear your Eyes out first. } *She runs after* Flora, *who*
Flor. Nay, softly, Nurse; so, so; ay, there! } *still is too quick for her.*
Nurse. Where, where? I see it now, It's strangely pale!
O, do not fright me so; it's gone again.
And now I shall have time to follow you;
Nay, now I'le tear thy Eyes out. } *As* Flora *runs away, she*
Flor. Oh, Nurse, Nurse! have mercy on me, } *falls, Nurse gets upon her*
Do not scratch me so.
Nurse. I'le be thy Death, there's nothing shall preserve you.
Ah —— are you there again! The Devil, the Devil. [*Exit.*
Flor. 'Twas well for me her madness work't again,
And made her take a whim to run away,
She would have kill'd me else, do what I could;
I'le stay no longer, lest she come again.
I'd not be in her fingers as I was
For all I'm worth. [*Exit.*

Enter Captain, Watch, and Servant.

Capt. When I consider every Circumstance
Of what you tell, and what I know my self,
I must conclude, I ought not to defer
To search *Antonio*'s House: if he's from home,
As you pretend he is: It makes me think
There is some strange Intrigue design'd by him.
For why should he turn back, as you relate,
And then obscure himself in such a House?
Besides, he told me, he was strait for Home,
And yet it seems he was not, as you say.

Serv. It's truth, upon my Life, he was not there
At past the hour of Nine.

Watch. Who comes there! { *Enter the little Devil, and runs and skulkes.*
Captain, the Devil, the Devil!
See where he stands?

Capt. O' my Conscience! The Witches little Familiar again!
If you're afraid, let me come, I'm us'd to
These sort of Devils! Come, come, uncase, { *It sputters like a Cat, Captain to him.*
Uncase, young Gamester, what slippery pranck
Are you about now? Don't you remember your
Last escape, Sirrah?

Devil. Pray Master don't whip me, I'le tell all.

Capt. Out with it then; where's the Old Witch, your Mistress?

Devil. Alas, Captain, she was kill'd to Night when
You brought in the Watch to search our House.

Capt. Kill'd, by whom?

Devil. I know not that, but we were putting a cheat
Upon a Lord there, by contrivance of his Man,
And when you knockt, we ran to our lurking holes
To hide us, but when the Coast was clear, we came
Out, and seeking for my Mistress, found her dead in one
Of the holes, thrust through her Body with a Dagger in
Three places.

Capt. What cheat was that you put upon the Lord?

Dev. We Acted like Devils, and in a Song made him
Believe his Wife did Cuckold him.

Capt. This

Capt. This was *Antonio*, whom I met there, Sir.

Devil. Ay, that's his Name, a mighty furious Man,
He said, he'd kill e'm all before 'twas day.
He made me quake to hear him; I hope now,
Captain, you will let me go.

Capt. No, no, you Rogue! If he has done more mischief
You shall be hang'd, except you find your Fellows
That joyn'd i'th' cheat with you to make him Jealous.

Devil. I'le bring you presently to them, and shew you all
Their holes; they did but send me out to watch when
The Coast was clear!

Capt. Who, say you, set you on to this design?

Devil. An ill-look'd Rogue, his Man, the Witches Nephew;
I think they call him *Jasper*.

Capt. Well, take the Boy, and call some of your Fellows,
And there surprize them all: I'le not defer
My searching to prevent the mischief
That *Don Antonio* further may design,
For I believe he had a hand in this
Was done i'th' Garden, however the mistake
Did happen to begin between the Dead.

Serv. Come, Sir, make haste, for I begin to fear
Some Tragedy is Acted in the House,
For *Don Antonio*'s Rage is alwayes quick,
And they have toucht the string will stretch it highest.

Capt. Come then, let's hasten back.

[*whistling behind the Stage.*

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Ay, that's his whistle, and I must obey't.
Why *Pedro*, *Pedro*! What, are you dead asleep?
Pedro, I say.

Pedro within. Who calls?

Nurse. Pedro, rise quickly, my Lady *Celia* wants you.

Ped. What can she want me for at such a time?

Nurse. I know not, but *Flora* came, and said you must
Come quickly, I think, to Ride to my Lord.

Ped. I come, but I'le have a care of your Tricks, Nurse.

Nurse. What tricks? What do you Do with your Sword? } *Enter* Pedro *in a Night-Gown, with his sword in's hand.*

Ped. Why, Nurse, you may have malice, and malice
May seek mischief, which because you are no Witch,
And cannot come through a Key-hole to compass,
For ought I know, you call me out to do it —— ha!
What whistle's that? [*whistle.*

Nurse. What whistle! Are you mad! Go to my Lady.

Ped. Still I suspect you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Nurse, with Antonio *and* Jasper.

Anto. Are they together, Nurse?

Nurse. Yes, my Lord, the more's my sorrow!

Anto. Nay then, I see the Devils did speak truth;
Francisco, their kind Couzen, Whor'd them both,
By Heav'ns they took their turns, I see it plain!
O that I could invent some horrid Death,
And had but time to execute it on them;
But since I cannot, plain stabbing will do well,
The less they've here, the more they'l find in Hell.

Nurse. I hope you will not kill your Lady, Sir!

Anto. Not kill her! But I must.

Nurse. What have I done? Oh, oh. [*Cryes out oh, oh.*

Anto. Hold, stop your mouth, I'le stop it for you else,
They'l hear her, and escape!
Come, *Jasper*, are you ready?

Jasp. Yes, my Lord, I follow. [*Exeunt.*

Nurse. What have I done, one Murder on another?
I see 'twas he that kill'd *Eugenia*, now,
By's naming *Don Francisco*; oh, that *Jasper* ——
Oh, the Ghost again —— what shall I do? [*Exit.*

Cælia *in Bed, and* Flora *all Bloody.*

Cæl. I'm sorry that I sent thee, since she's mad,
But would 'twas day, that I might get her lookt to.

Flor. I'm sure she has scratch't my face sufficiently.

Cæl. 'Tis well it was no worse. [Pedro *knocks.*

Flor. Alas! she'l come again!

Ped. Flora,

Ped. Flora, Flora. [*He knocks.*

Flor. Who's that, *Pedro*! What's the matter with you?

Ped. Nurſe call'd, and ſaid my Lady would ſpeak with me.

Cæl. Bid him come in.

Flor. My Lady bids you enter. [*Enter* Pedro.

Cæl. Pedro, the Nurſe is mad, I did not call you,
You ſee how ſhe has ſcratcht poor *Flora*'s Face,
She came juſt now ſhreeking and ſtaring hither;
If you could lock her up into ſome Room,
It would do well.

Ped. I hear her coming up. } *A noiſe, Exiturus, he fights, and Enters with* Antonio, *whom when he ſees, he lets fall his point, and is kill'd. Jaſper runs* Flora *through.*
Thieves, Madam, Thieves!
Oh Heav'ns, it is my Lord!

Anto. Damn'd Letcher, ſo it is!
What, does your Courage fail you ——
There, take that —— [*Runs him through.*
And boaſt in Hell that *Don Antonio*'s Sword
Did thee thr Honour to ſend thee thither.

Flor. O Heav'ns! My fears were true, the Rogue has kill'd me.

Anto. Now Monſter of thy Sex, ſee this, and tell me [*Falls & dyes.*
What are the effects you do expect from it?

Cæl. Death, that's leſs terrible then is your Anger,
Which I perceive by it's effects already,
Upon that Innocent Man cannot ſtay there.

Anto. Are your concerns for him, when they ſhould be
Employ'd to Heav'n for mercy to your Soul?
Nay, then Hell take it's Quarry; this for *Don Lewis*,
This for *Don Franciſco*; and take this laſt
For thy inſatiate Luſt with that damn'd Hind.

Cæl. This killing me, my Lord, is very cruel;
Since I ne're ſinn'd in thought againſt your Honour.
This, as I do expect Eternal Reſt,
Is ſuch a Truth, that I can dye in it.

Anto. O Hell and Furies! This Womans impudence exceeds you all.
See there a Dog juſt wreeking from thy Bed,
Hot with the Labour you have put him to:
And yet in thought you did not wrong my Honour.

Cæl. From

Cæl. From my Bed, my Lord! You are abus'd;
That fellow was not here full half a minute,
E're your self enter'd! Oh, I can no more ——
Heav'n and the World grant Pardon for my Blood.
For truth it self bears witness; I dare say
That more I sorrow for your guilt then Death.

Anto. If this be true, tell me as thou art dying,
What made him here at such a time o' Night?

Cæl. I cannot tell more, then that the Nurse did send him;
And she's run mad with guilt, or shame, or both!
Oh, I can say no more —— the Room turns Round;
My Lord, farewell —— Heav'n pardon you all Blood,
As I forgive you mine —— oh, oh, —— [*Dyes.*

Anto. Her Death both staggers, and amazes me!
Are these Dead too?

Ped. Not yet, my Lord, I am not.
Your Sword hath left me some small time for Prayers,
And it had need; for I believe few Souls
Can be assur'd to find their way to heav'n
Without more warning to begin their Journey.
But yet I do not find much cause for doubt.

Anto. Nay, if thou'st hopes, by that I do conjure thee
Tell me, what brought thee hither?

Ped. The Nurses madness;
She call'd me from my Bed, and told me, *Flora*
Was sent to bid me come unto my Lady,
Which though I scarce believ'd, yet I did do't.

Anto. VVhy did you say it was her madness did it?

Ped. My Lady said she was so, for she came
Not long before shrecking into this Chamber,
So as you enter'd I was going down
To lock her up till morning in some Room:
This, as I hope for heav'n, my Lord, is true.

Anto. Then 'tis as true, that I must never hope for it.
For I have kill'd a VVife of such obedience ——
But hold, I'le pump the Nurse —— who set her on
To tell me this. [*Enter Nurse frighted.*

Nurse. O!

Nurse. O! whether will you drive me!
Be gone, be gone!
Anto. Here, here she comes, I'le make her tell me all.
Jasp. But I'le prevent the story if I can. — { Jasper *Runs*
Anto. What, does the Villain mean to kill her yet? } *Nurse through*
Jasp. Does she not deserve it? To invent such lyes, } *but is staid by*
And do such mischiefs with them. { Antonio.
Nurse. O thou damn'd Rogue! 'Twas thou that made me do't.
Jasp. You lying VVitch, be damn'd,—— [*Offers at her again.*
Anto. Forbear, you Rogue, I'le do as much for you else.
Speak, why you did it?
Nurse. My Lord, he threaten'd me, and made me do't;
And taught me to call *Pedro* when you knockt.
Ped. Look to your self, my Lord, he'l kill you else. } Jasper *runs*
Jasp. This way is only left — hell take your Tongue. } Anto. *behind.*
Anto. Ah, thou hast kill'd me; yet I have strength enough
To send thy Soul to hell. { *They fight.* *A noise*
Jasp. 'Tis done, I am catch'd at last in my { *without.* Jasper *is mor-*
Own Trap. Oh, I deserve my Death for want { *tally wounded.*
Of fore-sight, to let him Live a spye upon my Actions.
I should have serv'd you thus, and thus, { *Runs* Pedro *through*
And thus —— and you too thus. { *as he lyes, and Nurse.*
Ped. Oh, O, O! [Pedro *and Nurse Dye.*
Anto. Infernal Monster! how his malice lasts.
Within. This way's the noise.

Enter Captain, Watch, and Servant.

Capt. VVhat horrid sight is this? VVe come too late.
Anto. Too late indeed, except you'd come to save
The best of VVives that there lyes murder'd
By my accurst hand.
Capt. VVhat, *Celia* dead too! VVhat made you do't, my Lord?
Jasp. Alas! he cannot tell; the Jealous fool
VVas but an Instrument in my Revenge;
'Tis only I can tell you why she dy'd.
But yet I would not give that satisfaction,
Did I not fear my Name would be forgotten,
Except this Tale of my Revenge was known;

In

In which I ſhall live famous. ——

Serv. O thou Dogg! Doſt glory in the miſcheifs thou haſt done?

Jaſp. I, and have reaſon; name the man that ever
Did in one Day contrive ſo many Murders,
And make 'em all Succeſsful.

Capt. But what ſhould move thee to this Villainy?

Jaſp. For that you will not wonder.
I am *Jaſper De Monſalvo*, Heir to that Eſtate
This Lord doth now poſſeſs.

Anto. Ah Heav'ns! ſome of that deſperate Bandity
Did once attempt my life.

Jaſp. Yes truly——

Anto. Poor *Cælia*, 'tis no wonder thy mind did boad
Great miſcheifs from this Fellow, being Son of
One did ſtill contrive to kill me, for what the
King after juſt forfeiture for mighty ſervices
Had given my Father.

Jaſp. O Revenge!
Thy ſweetneſs takes away the taſte of Death.
But you'l loſe my ſtory; which in ſhort is this:
That Lady lov'd me not, and therefore I
Made her Lord Jealous, took him to a Witch,
And there I fool'd him finely: Till the Jade,
Who was my Aunt indeed, at your approach
Would have diſcover'd all; which I prevented,
And ſtopt her Mouth with this: Then I contriv'd
To kill *Eugenia*, knowing ſhe would meet
Franciſco in the Garden; that I did
Becauſe ſhe call'd me Villain, and refus'd
To lent me Whore her too, as did her Couzen;
And more, I knew the ſimple Lord I ſerv'd
When he had Murder'd her, as I ſhould make him,
Would thank my Care, and well reward it too:
Nay, I'd have him do't for his own ſafety,
That ſtill the Murder might be thought *Franciſco*'s;
You know the reſt i'th' Garden. I taught beſides
That damn'd Old Hagg, whoſe fear has made me thus,

To

To put this trick on *Pedro*: I bid her call him
When she should hear us whistle, then in haste,
And all undrest send him to *Calia*'s Chamber,
Whilst we, let in, might meet him coming thence,
Thinking the Cuckold's Rage would murder all,
And never hear 'em speak; but there I fail'd,
Their dying words betray'd me, that's the worst,
Or I had liv'd to glory in their Deaths;
But this my Comfort is, he'l not survive me,
I have done his bus'ness too before I dye.

Serv. Was er'e so Impudent a Villain seen?

Capt. I'le try to stop his wounds, that so
I may keep him for Execution.

Jasp. Stand off, by Hell,
He that comes near me finds his Death with this!
Think you I'm grown so tame to dye by Law;
No, no, I'le not endure a formal Tryal,
To be upbraided with those things I think
Deserve a Trophy rather then Contempt,
Which since I know will follow, here's my Bail,
This will deliver any Man from Jayl.
Let Cowards dye by hanging; such as I
As we live bravely, thus dare bravely dye. *Stabs himself.*

Capt. He has done well; no Excutioner
Could have been found so bad as his own hand,
And Hell will give him what he wants on Earth:
And yet, my Lord, it troubles me for you,
Since my Place binds me to secure your Person,
To answer Law for all your Rage has done.

Anto. Shame almost stops my mouth; yet, Captain, know
My wound won't give me time for that misfortune;
Stay but a little, let me fix my Eyes
On what lies here, for that alone would give me
A sudden Death, had I no other hurt.
I dare not hope for Heav'n, having done
So black a Murder on such Innocence,
And yet I do believe her Charity

As it did dying, still doth beg that Pardon
Might from above be granted to my soul,
Which if I miss, as I have cause to fear,
Then sure I shall be turn'd into a Devil
For ever to Torment his Curled soul
That led me to these mischiefs.
'Twould be some ease, if Heaven but granted that,
But I begin to faint! Oh, Blessed Soul
Dart forth one Beam of Light, to guide the way,
Or I shall always wander in the dark.
Night seizes me already: yet from hence
In spight of death my soul shall take her flight,
Go where I will, I thus set out a right. [*Dyes.*

Serv. Hes dead ———

Capt. By dying so, at least he's thus far happy,
That he Escapes the Punishments of Tryal,
And the Exemplar death must have attended
Which to a man so Jealous of his Fame
As he was, would have been a Hell on Earth.
Your Duty to your Lord will keep you safe,
Yet you must to the Vice-Roy go with me
To be a Witness there of what hath happn'd,
The story else will seem Incredible.

Serv. I am ready, Sir, for all you shall Command.

Capt. Oh Jealousie, thou sickness of great souls,
To what a Rage didst thou transport this Lord?
For had his Wife been false it was not good
By Murd'ring her to drown himself in Blood.

For Lust may be Excus'd since flesh is frail,
But Murder on the Soul does guilt Entail.

The Curtain Falls.

Epilogue

EPILOGUE

By Mr. *Harris*.

A Tragedy, and not Heroick Verſe,
The Comick part fit only for Farſe;
No Atheiſm, nor any man we know
Abus'd, no repartee, nor ſplendid ſhow;
But very little Bawdy, and leſs wit,
The Devil's in't, crys one, if this Play hit.
Faith—— may be not, and may be too it will,
For Chance ſometimes exceeds all rules of skill.
As he who Rageing did his Pencil throw,
And Painted that by chance, he could not draw
For we have ſeen, and lately too, a Play
Cry'd down by thoſe that cannot keep away
And when they come ſpight of themſelves they ſtay.
And to our ſorrow we have others known,
That for their wit have Wit it ſelf out-done,
And yet you wits, that praiſe 'em ſeldom come.
So the Goodman, oft-times for cauſe unknown,
Leaves well-dreſt Beauteous Wife for Homely Joan.
And you that Miſſes keep too, I'm afraid
Do ſometimes make e'm Jealous of the Maid;
So if this Play not dreſt by rules of Art
Should with ſome Trick of Nature catch the heart;
We'd give you leave to rail, and never fear,
Becauſe we're ſure you'd come to do it here.

Gallants you see what e're you say or do,
Plays will be writ, and we shall Act 'em too.
Some will for pleasure, some for profit write,
Some for Applause, and some will do't in spight,
Such bit by Critticks, strait run mad and bite.
This does our bu'sness: but we'd have you know,
We wish we'd none but true brisk wit to show,
We silence wish that Men might hear a Play,
And wish that Vizard Mask would keep away:
But we as well might wish we were those Kings
We sometimes Act, as hope to see these things.
Then since to rail o'th' Stage and in the Pit,
Must in this sickly Age be counted Wit;
And that th' Infection connot be subdu'd,
We Actors for our own sakes do conclude,
The Itch to write and rail will ne're be cur'd,
And therefore faith let 'em be both Endur'd.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

PAge 17. Line 36. For *your* read *their*. p. 23. l. 19. f. *Taylors* r. *Juglers*. p. 31. l. 18. r. *my fears*. p. 38. l. 7. r. *Villain by*. p. 51. l. 6. f. *first* r. *worst*. p. 53. l. 35. f. *his* r. *in*. p. 57. l. 11. f. *there* r. *then*. p. 58. l. 36. f. *this* r. *his*.